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"Can we ride on them?" asked Mary Jane, breathless with excitement. (*Frontispiece*, Page 42)

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MARY JANE IN NEW ENGLAND

BY

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

AUTHOR OF

"MARY JANE—HER BOOK," "MARY JANE—HER VISIT," "MARY JANE'S KINDERGARTEN," "MARY JANE DOWN SOUTH," "MARY JANE'S CITY HOME."

from Lester Adams 1941

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To my brother,
DWIGHT HAROLD INGRAM,
with happy memories of his
commencement week

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MARY JANE IN NEW ENGLAND

PLANS FOR THE JOURNEY

"THEN are we really going?" asked Mary Jane eagerly.

"To Boston and Harvard and Uncle Hal's Class Day and everything?" added Alice.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill looked at each other and then at the long letter in Mrs. Merrill's hand.

"I do believe we are," said Mrs. Merrill thoughtfully.

"That's right!" approved Mr. Merrill heartily. "You'll never regret it. I am sure the girls are old enough to remember the interesting sights they will see and they may never have another chance to go to Harvard Class Day and all the 'doings' Hal writes about."

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"And then," added Mrs. Merrill, "I always promised brother Hal I'd come when he graduated. One doesn't have a 'baby brother' graduate from Harvard *every* summer. Though I would like it better if you could go too."

"Sure you can't, Dad"? asked Alice, wistfully.

"Certain sure," replied her father. "With all the changes in the office just now I wouldn't think it wise to leave my work for men who are already loaded up. And then, too," he added when he noticed how disappointed the two girls looked, "remember we'll need somebody here to see about the new house—don't you forget that!"

"Of course we travel easily," said Mrs. Merrill, "and Hal promises to look after us so well."

"And makes good by sending that list," said Mr. Merrill. "I never saw the like of the way he has everything lined up for you—you couldn't get lost if you wanted to!"

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Alice and Mary Jane Merrill, who with their father and mother had moved from the small town where they had always lived, to the big city of Chicago only a few months before, were having a most interesting time. Not only had they seen city sights, played in the parks and done good work in school; in addition they had made a number of fine friends and, partly through some of these friends, had discovered that they could have an even happier time if Mary Jane had some place to dig, and garden and play out of doors. Girls who live in flats can't very well have gardens—at least at Mary Jane's flat one couldn't. So the Merrills had started exploring and had quite suddenly bought a small piece of land on the edge of one of the outlying suburbs and there they planned to build a little "shack" where they could go every summer and play at being farmers. Such drawing of plans and studying of seed catalogues there never was—the girls found it wonderful fun.

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Then, as though going to the country and making a garden was not enough to keep one little girl's head busy, there had come a letter from Mrs. Merrill's brother reminding her of a promise made long ago that she would come to his graduation from Harvard. At first it seemed as though such a trip wouldn't be possible. There was the house in the country to see to—and though it was to be only an unfinished cottage there were a thousand and one details about its building and furnishing that needed attention—the girls were in school and they had planned no summer dresses suitable to the gaieties of commencement week at Cambridge.

But a day or two of careful thinking and planning made Mrs. Merrill decide that they would go. Last year's "best" dresses had been let down and were very pretty; new ginghams for traveling surely would not be hard to make or buy and she loved making the dainty organdy dresses each girl would need for Class Day.

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The trip wouldn't take long and soon they would be back to attend to the new country home which would hardly have time to miss them.

Alice reached for the list Mr. Merrill had referred to and read what Uncle Hal had written out for them.

"Arrive in Boston Monday morning; Class Day, Tuesday; Baseball, Wednesday (tickets for you all) Commencement, Thursday and if the weather is fine you can all go, for it will be in the Stadium; Friday, sightseeing and anything you want to do." And below was a notation telling them he had had rooms engaged for weeks ahead at the Westminister Hotel, which was a very wise and thoughtful provision for their comfort, as Boston hotels are always more than crowded commencement week.

"It sounds like a lot of fun, Mother," she said happily.

"And are we going to sleep on the train and have hashed brown potatoes in the diner and

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live at a place by the ocean just like when we went to Florida?" asked Mary Jane.

"It won't be just like in Florida," explained Mr. Merrill, "because Boston is a big city like Chicago, and big cities have different sorts of hotels from any you have been in. But I'll venture to say you will have a good time. And if you stick to Uncle Hal's program you won't have much time for either napping or being homesick!"

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Merrill suddenly glancing at the clock, "I don't know why we are sitting here all day dreaming! We ought to be making out lists and deciding what to take and do and everything. We're going to be busy people these next two weeks, let me tell you that."

Alice dashed to the desk for pencils and pads.

"Let's make out a list of what we have to do for the new house," said Mrs. Merrill, "and what we have to take and what I have to make

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or buy. And I can tell you this much," she added a few minutes later when the lists were well under way, "if I'm to do all those things before we go, you two people will have to do a lot of helping."

"Oh, we'd love that!" exclaimed Mary Jane eagerly, "I'd get breakfasts and Alice can wash all the dishes and—"

"What's all this?" demanded Alice as she looked up from the list she was finishing, "*I*'ll get breakfasts, and *you* can wash dishes and—"

"Let's both do 'em both," corrected Mary Jane, "but I *can* make toast and cook eggs; I just *know* I can, mother dear, and I want to help a lot."

"I know you do, dear," said Mrs. Merrill, as she drew the little girl toward her, "and you're going to in just every way you can and will."

So it was decided that the two girls should do every bit of the housework they possibly could

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and let Mrs. Merrill have lots of time free for sewing and shopping and tending to the new house.

How those two weeks did fly! It really seemed no time at all since the four Merrills were sitting there deciding that they could go to Boston, till the last day had arrived and Mary Jane was having a dress up "try on" of her new organdy dress to be sure it was exactly right before it was packed. How they had all worked! Mary Jane had cooked—toast on the electric toaster and coffee in the kitchen and eggs boiled just as father liked them. And she had taken her turn with Alice at washing dishes and drying dishes and making beds and cleaning the bathroom (Mary Jane liked that the best of anything except cooking eggs with her own three-minute-glass to tell when they were done) and dusting and marketing and pulling out bastings—they had done all those things and more and Mrs. Merrill declared that never, never in the world, could she have finished so

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much work in two weeks' time if she hadn't had two fine assistants.

"Come here, dear," said Mrs. Merrill as Mary Jane danced off to look in the mirror, "I'll have to tack that bolero—there. Now let's tie the sash and try on the new shoes and be sure everything is just right."

But Mary Jane could hardly stand still. It was so thrilling to try on her first organdy dress —long pink ribbons, a white hat with pink streamers just like Alice's yellow ones and white stockings and brand new pumps, yes, truly, pumps like big folks. She could hardly wait to get everything on, she was so anxious to see herself.

Just as the last bow was adjusted, the bell rang three short taps, father's ring, and Mary Jane, looking all the world like a fairy dropped onto the stairs by some magic mistake, dashed down to greet him.

"Everything fits and it's all just right and don't I look nice and we're waiting for you to

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bring the trunk up from the basement and Alice has made apple dumplings—green apple dumplings for dinner so you'd better hurry," she finished, breathlessly.

"For that I will," laughed Mr. Merrill, "my! but you do look grown up, pussy!" he added as he looked her over carefully. "Shoes fit all right? Everything has to be just so for Class Day you know, young lady, for folks want to be comfortable as well as beautiful when they go to all day 'doings.'"

"She thinks everything is all right," explained Mrs. Merrill. "You look pleased about something. Is there anything new?"

"Maybe so," said Mr. Merrill so mysteriously that Mary Jane stopped in the hall to listen. "Think you could get off Saturday evening instead of Sunday morning as you had planned?"

Mrs. Merrill thought a second. "Yes, I guess we could," she decided, "it wouldn't make a

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lot of difference either way. But I thought you had our reservations?"

"Changed them," said Mr. Merrill. "How would you like me to go along as far as Niagara and spend Sunday with you there and then you folks go on east Sunday night?"

"Really, Daddah?" called Mary Jane happily, "then you could eat in the diner with us and sleep and everything!"

"Wouldn't Uncle Hal be flattered," teased Mr. Merrill, "if he knew that you talked more about the diner than you do about Class Day!"

"Oh, I like Class Day too," declared Mary Jane fingering her new sash, "but I'm glad we have to eat on the train to get there."

"For my part I'm glad to eat now," said Mr. Merrill as he sniffed the aroma of Alice's dumplings, "I know I could eat three, so you'd better hurry off with that finery, Mary Jane, if you want your share."

Just twenty-four hours later, the four Mer-

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rills boarded the train for Boston. Much to Mary Jane's interest, the conductor didn't call "all aboard!" and there wasn't a bit of excitement at the station. The great train dashed into the residence station where they had decided to board it, hesitated only long enough for the porter to assist the Merrills and their bags onto car 201 and off they went—through the factories and suburbs the girls had seen when they came to Chicago for the first time.

Mary Jane pressed close to the window and was eagerly watching the sight of busy city life she could see on the streets as they flashed by, when a white-coated man walked through the car calling, "Second call for dinner! Second call for dinner!"

"Why we missed the first call!" exclaimed Mary Jane in distress.

"Cheer up, pussy," said her father, "that doesn't happen often."

"Well, we won't miss anything more," announced Mary Jane positively, " 'cause I washed

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my hands the last thing and my gloves kept 'em clean."

It didn't take long to tuck gloves into coat pockets, put hats in a safe place and walk to the diner. And here Mary Jane had a dinner such as she loved, with hashed brown potatoes, and salad and ice cream—to say nothing of meat and bread and butter and a big glass of milk in a creamy white tumbler.

"Now tell us what Niagara Falls is going to look like," suggested Alice when they were back in their own car.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Mrs. Merrill, "you'll have to wait till morning. As soon as the porter makes up your berth, you can go to sleep and then, when you wake up, you can see it all for yourself—water—rivers of water! The most water you ever saw! That's what it is."

Mary Jane thought of that sentence the next morning when she wakened. She was alone in the lower berth—evidently mother was out and

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dressed—and she couldn't hear a thing but water. Water dashing against the window, water dripping in through the tiny screen at her feet, water sounding on the roof of the car till she couldn't hear another thing.

"Why, we've stopped right in the Falls," she cried to herself, as she whirled around to look out of the window, "and it's like she said, water, water—everything's water!"

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A DAY OF WETNESS

"ALICE! Alice! Wake up!"

Mary Jane reached her hand behind the curtain into Alice's berth just ahead and pounded briskly on the cushioned sides.

"Alice! Hurry and wake up 'cause we're stopped and we're right in the middle of Niagara Falls and it's a-falling down!"

Alice stirred drowsily and then, as she realized what her sister was saying, she sat up straight with a start of amazement.

"Why, Mary Jane Merrill, what are you saying?" she asked. "The train doesn't stop at the Falls—it doesn't even go close enough for us to see them from the train. I asked Daddah last evening before I went to sleep."

"Well," said Mary Jane, not in the least disturbed by her sister's doubt, "you just raise your window curtain and look out."

Alice did as she was told and for a minute

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she was inclined to believe Mary Jane must be right. Water, water, water was all she could see. Water in the air; water dashing against the window; water running off the roof of the car in great streams; grayness and wetness everywhere.

"Looking at the landscape, ladies?" asked Mr. Merrill as he poked his head through the curtains and saw Alice's amazement.

"Morning, Daddah!" whispered Mary Jane as she clambered over from her own berth, "it *is* the Falls, isn't it? I told Alice we were right in 'em."

"You've reason enough to think so," laughed Mr. Merrill, "but as a matter of fact, you're not quite right. The 'Falls' which you see is rain—common everyday rain."

"I'd never call *that* common everyday rain," said Alice as an extra hard beating of rain actually made her afraid the window pane wouldn't be enough to keep the water out of the car, "we never have rain like that at home."

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"They don't have it like that often, anywhere," said Mrs. Merrill arriving from the dressing room, "and I hate to invite more gloom, but do you happen to recall that this party decided they wouldn't 'bother' with umbrellas?"

"What ever'll we do?" exclaimed Mary Jane with a gasp of horror.

"Swim, like as not," said Mr. Merrill comfortingly. "We might as well, because it's Sunday you know and no store open to buy umbrellas."

"Isn't it *lovely!*" sighed Mary Jane in a voice of perfect content.

"*Lovely!*" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill.

"*How* lovely?" asked Alice.

"And she thinks it's 'lovely'!" mimicked Mr. Merrill.

"Well, it is," insisted Mary Jane. "When things look perfectly awful and you're sure they're all wrong, then we always think of something to do different and we have a beautiful time—we always do."

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As though to prove her right, at that very minute the porter came along the aisle to Mr. Merrill and said, "There's a taxi man outside at the steps, sir, and he says if you want a cab sir, he can back right up to the steps and the ladies won't even get damp."

"Well, if there is any man living who thinks people won't get 'damp' this morning," said Mr. Merrill laughingly, "I'll engage him on the spot. As a matter of fact though, porter," he added, "the ladies aren't ready yet. Could your man come back in half an hour?"

"He means us when he says 'the ladies,'" whispered Mary Jane joyfully, " 'cause mother's all dressed and ready to go."

"Don't you feel sort of *grand?*" Alice whispered back.

The porter, who of course hadn't heard these asides, promised to have the driver there in thirty minutes, and Alice and Mary began to dress in a rush. You see, the car of folks who were going to get off at Niagara had been

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dropped from the eastern train and put on a siding so there was no hurry about getting off. That was nice too, for it was much easier to dress when the train was standing still than when it was dashing along through the country.

In less than twenty-five minutes, all the "ladies" of Mr. Merrill's party were dressed and combed and ready to go and, promptly on time, the porter announced the waiting taxi. By that time the rain had abated a trifle though it was still coming down very hard.

"He has backed his car close up to the steps," said the porter, "so the ladies needn't get a bit of wet. Can't I lift the little girl out, sir? And here's an umbrella, sir," he added as he unfurled a huge cotton umbrella at the vestibule door.

Seeing them coming, the driver opened the taxi door and Mrs. Merrill slipped in safe and dry. Then Mr. Merrill helped Alice the same way and the porter set Mary Jane beside them.

"Well, so far so well," said Mr. Merrill as

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he stepped in after them and the car started off. "That was a clever plan. Now if we only don't get drenched getting into the hotel, we can at least get breakfast, no matter what the weather."

At the hotel they found a wide porte cochère so they were safe and dry there.

"You're going to like this," said Mrs. Merrill, as she looked around the lobby. "There are lots of little shops over there and you girls can look at the souvenir things even if it rains too much for you to see the Falls!"

"But breakfast first, please," suggested Mr. Merrill, "and you can eat all you like for we don't have to hurry to go anywhere."

Breakfast was served in a charming "sun parlor"—which of course was gray and dark because of the rain and mist but was beautiful anyway with the dainty furnishings and gay cretons. The windows that in clear weather looked out on the rushing river a bit above the Falls, showed nothing interesting now. But perhaps that was just as well, for folks don't care

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much about sightseeing before eating—at least Mary Jane didn't.

A delicious breakfast of fruit and chops and French fried potatoes kept the party so busy that it was with surprise they noticed, three-quarters of an hour later, that the rain had cleared away and that rifts of sunshine were coming through the clouds.

"Why it isn't raining!" exclaimed Mary Jane, "come on, let's hurry up and see everything."

A walk of five minutes and they found themselves standing on a great rock at the edge of the Falls. It was a good thing that Mrs. Merrill was close by Mary Jane, for there was something so vast and powerful and terrifying about the mad rush of those roaring, tumbling waters that even the iron bars around the edge of the rock couldn't quite make a little girl feel safe—it needed the hold of a person's warm hand to make one feel comfortable enough to stand there and watch.

For five minutes or more the four Merrills

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stood there looking. There wasn't any use trying to talk—the roar of the falling water make words seem fairy whispers that could not be heard by human beings. Mary Jane thought of a number of things she wanted to ask about—the boat, riding so close up to the foot of the Falls; the great bridge over the river so near by, how had men built it there? And the hotel across the Falls, could they go there? But it was not till they had turned away from the rocky observation point and were walking through the park again that she tried to talk.

"That boat down there," replied Mr. Merrill, "is called 'The Maid of the Mist.' Folks who like to do queer things think it's great fun to ride up close to the foot of the Falls, but we had enough water this morning to last us a while, didn't we? We'll take the Falls from the top this trip!"

As though to play a joke on him, at that very minute there was a patter on the trees overhead and pell-mell—down dashed a thou-

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sand raindrops. Great, round drops that pounded right through the trees and seemed to shout, "there's more to come, more to come, more to come!"

There was no use staying under a tree and there's no telling what would have happened to hats bought for Boston if Alice hadn't happened to spy a bandstand close by. A hasty dash for its shelter and they were safe—at least for a while.

"If it ever stops again," suggested Mrs. Merrill, "let's go over there and take the trolley that runs across the bridge Mary Jane was asking about, and ride down the gorge."

And of course it did stop in a few minutes and they hurried over and boarded a car. That was the most interesting trolley ride Mary Jane had ever taken or even dreamed of taking. Across the wonderful suspension bridge, along the very tip edge of the high bluff on the Canadian side of the river the car made its way —so close sometimes that Mary Jane held her

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breath lest it tumble over. Then, several miles down the river, they crossed another bridge and came up the American side. This wasn't so exciting as the banks were not nearly as high, but it was even more interesting, for from her seat in the car Mary Jane could see the rapids where the water dashed over the great jutting rocks and the whirlpool that was so fascinating to watch.

"Oh, let's get out here and wait a while," she cried as the car stopped at a tiny station. "I want to watch that water a-whirling around."

"Good idea, dear," said Mrs. Merrill, and she signaled the conductor that they wished to get off. But as though to make sport of them, the rain clouds which had appeared to be blowing away, opened up again and a shower of rain fell on the car roof.

"No sightseeing for us to-day," laughed Mr. Merrill, "except under cover. I think we'll keep under a roof while we have one handy!"

So they stayed on the car and rode on into the city. But there was a lot to see even from a

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trolley car and Mary Jane thought she never could forget all the wonderful and curious sights of that trip.

They got off at their hotel and the girls spent a happy two hours looking at the curios in the shop windows and then they had luncheon.

Again the sun tried to come out and the party took a carriage to drive to Goat Island. But just as sure as they attempted to get out of the carriage to have a close view of some sight the driver pointed out to them—just that surely would the pattering drops descend and drive them scurrying to shelter.

At five o'clock they drove to the train that was to take them to Buffalo where father was to put them on the train for Boston.

"I know one thing I'll never forget about Niagara," said Mary Jane as the train pulled out of the station, "and that is that Niagara Falls is awfully wet!"

"And next time we start on a trip," added Mrs. Merrill, "we'll carry umbrellas instead of packing them."

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Mr. Merrill waited and had dinner in the Buffalo station with them and then saw them off for Boston before his train for Chicago pulled in.

"Have a good time," he called as their train pulled away, "and remember, I shall want to hear everything about Harvard and Class Day and Boston."

Mary Jane promised to see and remember every single thing, then she turned back to their section which the porter was already making up for the night.

"You don't have to do a thing for me Mother," she said happily. "'Cause I know how to put my shoes in the hammock and take off my hair ribbon and roll it up and everything. And I'm going right straight to sleep so I can wake up early, early in the morning."

"That's a good idea," agreed Mrs. Merrill, "for early, early in the morning we shall be getting into Boston and Uncle Hal will be there to meet us."

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FIRST GLIMPSES OF BOSTON

"LIKE to be brushed?"

Mary Jane turned from the window to see the porter standing by her, brush in hand ready to make her tidy for getting off the train. She looked questioningly at her mother and Mrs. Merrill replied, "Yes, dear, let him brush you off so you will be spick and span when we meet Hal."

So Mary Jane followed the porter down to the end of the aisle where he brushed and brushed till there wasn't a speck of dust on that pretty Peter Thompson suit. Alice and Mrs. Merrill had their turns next, then the porter took their hand baggage down toward the door.

"Do we get there now, Mother?" asked Mary Jane, "right away quick now?"

"We certainly do," answered Mrs. Merrill, "we're there this minute. Come girlies."

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As the train came to a stop, Mary Jane looked out of the window in the narrow hallway by the dressing room—she wanted to be sure to get a glimpse of the wonderful Boston she had heard so much about. And at the very first glance, she spied Uncle Hal's smiling face close up outside of her very window. Alice saw him too and they waved and tried to speak and he grinned and motioned to the car door. In a twinkle they were off the train, Uncle Hal had picked up their bags, and they were walking up the stairs to the street.

Of course everybody talked at once, folks always do when they are met at the train, but through it all Mary Jane got the idea that they were walking to the hotel because it was so very, very near, and that Uncle Hal had time to visit with them a while before he went back to college for some last duties before Class Day.

Alice and Uncle Hal walked on ahead talking a blue streak about teams and baseball and all

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sorts of things that Mary Jane, for her part, didn't find particularly interesting. She was glad to be walking with her mother so she could look and ask all she liked. Five minutes walk and they were in a broad "square" framed on every side by fine looking buildings.

"That's the library I've told you so much about," said Mrs. Merrill nodding her head toward the left, "and this, I think," looking ahead to the right, "is our hotel."

She was right for just then Alice and Uncle Hal turned into the hotel and in a very few minutes they were all seated in the room Hal had engaged for them so many weeks before.

"There now, he's gone and I can look around," said Mary Jane as the door closed behind the boy who had carried up their bags. She slipped down from the big chair where she had primly settled herself and began exploring. One big bed, one little bed, lots of drawers in dressers and cupboards, a lovely white bath-

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room and, over in the corner of the room overlooking the Square, a desk and several easy chairs pulled together just right for visiting.

"How in the world did you know just exactly the kind of a room I'd like?" asked Mary Jane when she had finished her first tour of exploring.

"Well," said Uncle Hal, much pleased to think she liked it all, "I can't say that I really *knew,* but I did try pretty hard to guess."

"Now as soon as the trunk comes," continued Mary Jane, "let's unpack it and show him our new dresses. We've new shoes too," she added proudly, "for Class Day you know."

"Fine!" replied her uncle, "I know I'm going to be proud as a peacock of my family when I introduce them around to-morrow. But I'll tell you, Mary Jane," he added persuasively, "I know how slow those expressmen are commencement week and you don't. Suppose we keep the dress for a surprise to me to-morrow and go for a walk now while I have some time."

"I'd like that," agreed Mary Jane, "only

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what'll they do if the trunk comes while we are walking?"

"They put it in your room all ready for you," said Uncle Hal.

"Then I'm going walking with you," announced Mary Jane.

"And I'm going too," said Alice, "I just can't hardly wait till I see everything."

"And I'm going too," laughed Mrs. Merrill, as she put her hat back on, "because I don't want to miss anything either."

"Aren't we missing something anyway?" asked Alice as they walked from the room.

Mrs. Merrill and Hal looked back into the room.

"No-o," she answered, "I guess not. What did you think we were leaving?"

"I didn't think we were leaving anything," said Alice half laughing, half embarrassed, "but—"

"Oh, I know," announced Mary Jane laughingly, "I'm missing it too. It's breakfast."

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"You don't mean to say—" exclaimed Uncle Hal. "That's certainly one on me! You see, I'm so little used to having my family come to see me, and so very glad to see them when they get here, that I actually forgot breakfast. We'll have to get an extra good one to make up for it."

And an extra good one it certainly was; for Mary Jane had strawberries and cream and toast and fish and hashed brown potatoes and a cup of delicious hot cocoa with whipped cream. While they ate, Mary Jane told Uncle Hal more about her Class Day frock.

"It's white, and pink ribbons—lovely long crispy ribbons," she told him, "and new shoes, *pumps* just like grown-up ladies." Of course Uncle Hal was much impressed as Mary Jane had hoped he would be, but neither he nor Mary Jane herself would ever in the world have guessed the trouble those pretty new pumps were going to make before another day was over!

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Breakfast finished, they went for their walk, going through the Square and down as far as the Commons. The city looked fresh and clean, after a rain the night before and the flowers in the Commons nodded their fresh blooms and looked as though they had grown on purpose to make Mary Jane think Boston was beautiful.

"Now then," said Uncle Hal, looking at his watch, "I've just time for a surprise and then I'll have to leave you."

"Couldn't we go along to Harvard with you?" asked Alice.

"Yes, you could," replied Uncle Hal, "want to?"

"'Deed I do," answered Alice heartily, "I don't want to miss anything."

"Then with me you go, for even if I can't stay with you long, you can have the ride out and back. But now for the surprise."

He guided them across a bridge and down a sheltered path to a tiny lake and there riding on the water were several great white swans.

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No, they weren't swans either. They were much too big for real swans and there were seats on a platform right behind. Boats—that's what they were of course. Boats in the shape of swans!

"Can we ride on them?" asked Mary Jane breathless with excitement, "really ride on them —people can?"

"To be sure people can," laughed Uncle Hal, "and we're going to this very minute."

He bought four tickets while Mary Jane and Alice climbed into the nearest seats and then he and Mrs. Merrill sat just behind them.

"Where's the engineer?" asked Mary Jane.

"Coming," replied Uncle with a chuckle, "there he is, now."

Mary Jane watched an elderly man step aboard the boat and take his place on a queer-looking seat between the wings of the "swan" and much to her surprise he didn't start any engine: instead he began pedaling as if he was riding a bicycle. The swan boat moved away from

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the pier and, as the man pedaled, they rode with a slow and stately motion out into the little lake.

It was a queer way to ride, being bicycled around a lake in a boat built to look like a swan but Mary Jane loved it. They moved slowly—just like a swan in a fairy tale—and it didn't take Mary Jane a minute to forget all about Boston and the Commons and to fancy that she was a princess in a fairy tale and that the kind swan was drawing her in a magic boat through her country to visit her subjects. She didn't see the flower beds by the side of the tiny lagoon; she didn't see the children playing on the beach; she didn't hear the talk Mrs. Merrill and Uncle Hal were enjoying; she didn't even talk to Alice sitting right by her side. Mary Jane saw only the magic of the fairy tale that was in her mind and enjoyed the thrill of being a princess.

With a slight bump the swan boat touched the dock and Uncle Hal took her hand to help her off.

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"Oh, do we have to get off?" she exclaimed in dismay, "we've only just begun to ride!"

"Like it so well?" asked Uncle Hal, "then you shall have a ride every day while you are here. I remember when I was a little kid and came to visit Boston, I liked them a lot. That's why I brought you here first thing this morning. But I guess we'll have to go now if you're going out to Cambridge with me."

Very reluctantly Mary Jane stepped off the boat and with a promise to herself that she would ride again every single time she possibly could, she trudged along behind the others.

A short walk brought them to the entrance of the subway. Of course Mary Jane hadn't an idea what a subway was, for there wasn't any such thing in any city she had ever lived in or visited, but she gathered from what Uncle Hal said that it must be something that took them out to Cambridge. But such a funny something as it was she never would have imagined!

They went down some stairs, through a turn-

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stile and onto a platform. Before Mary Jane's eyes were used to the queer, half-darkness of the platform, and her nose to the funny, dank smell, there was a rumble and a roar and along came a car. They were crowded aboard and again there was a rumble and roar and away they dashed—past red lights and green lights, past platforms and more platforms till in no time at all (or so it seemed to Mary Jane) they were up on a street, dashing across a long bridge, down again in the ground and Uncle Hal saying, "Time to get off! We're at Cambridge!"

They hurried off and up the stairs to the fresh air.

"That's better than the old, slow, surface car," said Uncle Hal as they crossed the street.

"Then the surface car must have been pretty bad," said Mary Jane positively, "'cause this one smells *awful* and hurries so fast you can't see anything!"

"You're right about those two things,"

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laughed Uncle Hal, "and I suggest that you take a surface car to go back because then you can see all the sights you want to on the way. But of course, Mary Jane, you wanted to ride in a subway once."

"Maybe I did," said Mary Jane, "but I think the swan boats are lots the nicest."

Mrs. Merrill decided that they wouldn't go into the Yard at this time; Hal would be busy and couldn't show them around, and she much preferred that Alice and Mary Jane should get their first impressions of the wonderful university when they could see it right. So Uncle Hal put them on a surface car for Boston and with a promise to dine with them in their hotel, bade them good-by.

"I just don't see why anybody would ever ride in a cellar when they might be riding on a bridge over a lovely river," said Mary Jane as she looked at the Charles gleaming in the warm June sunshine.

"They must be in an awful hurry to get some-

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where or those things would never be built," added Alice.

"Well, you know," laughed Mrs. Merrill, "we're in a hurry sometimes ourselves! We're not always ladies of leisure as we are to-day. And you see, it's a long ride back to Boston. What shall we do when we get there, girls?" she added.

"Get lunch," answered Alice promptly.

"Lunch!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill, teasingly, "after all that breakfast?"

"Breakfast!" said Mary Jane, teasing back, "did we have breakfast?"

"All right then, ladies," said Mrs. Merrill, "we'll have lunch. And then how would you like to take an automobile ride that Hal told me about? It doesn't last much over an hour and we can see the old part of Boston, the historic part and also the foreign district your father was telling you about the other day."

"That would be fine, Mother," said Alice eagerly, "don't let's stop *long* for lunch. Let's

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just eat something and go—I love to see old places. Remember St. Augustine, Mother?"

"Indeed I do, dear," answered Mrs. Merrill. "Here we are at Copley Square. I have a feeling we had better go to our room first—there might be a message or something. Then we'll get lunch and take the ride."

It was a good thing Mrs. Merrill thought to go to the hotel and inquire for a message, for there was one for them—one that changed all their plans for the afternoon.

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AN UNEXPECTED VISIT AT WELLESLEY

MRS. MERRILL turned from the hotel desk and looked in a puzzled way at the slip of yellow paper she held in her hand.

"What *do* you suppose this means?" she said as she came up to where the two girls were sitting in big chairs waiting for her. "It says, 'Phone Cambridge 2811 at once.' Somebody telephoned five minutes ago, the clerk said, and was very anxious to reach me. Now whatever can have happened? Hal didn't know we were coming back here, so it couldn't be he and we don't know another soul. However," she added briskly, "I needn't be so silly as to stand here wondering when I might go to the 'phone and find out all about it. You stay right here, girlies, and I'll 'phone from the booth over there and we'll solve the mystery."

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Mary Jane and Alice could hardly wait, they were so curious and impatient to find out what had happened. They could see Mrs. Merrill talking but she was too far away for them to make out whether she was pleased or distressed by the conversation. In two or three minutes though, she left the booth and came towards them and the girls could tell by the way she was smiling that something very nice and agreeable had happened.

"We're to be up at the station in thirty minutes," she announced, "the station where we came in this morning, and Uncle Hal will meet us and take us out to see Wellesley—what do you think of that?"

"But, Mother," exclaimed Alice, "I thought he had a lot of work to do?"

"He still has," said Mrs. Merrill, "but just after we left him he got a message from one of his friends at Wellesley telling him that the Tree Day dance was to be given this afternoon at the Garden Party, and that when it was first

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shown it was so very wonderful, we surely must see it."

"And so he told her we were here?" said Alice.

"He didn't have to, she already knew that," said Mrs. Merrill, "and her invitation included us. So just on a chance that we might come to the hotel, he called up and left the message for us. We won't have time to change or anything, but I guess we look all right in traveling clothes. Let's hurry now, so's not to miss the train."

"But where's lunch?" asked Mary Jane in dismay, "I am hungry, truly I am."

"Of course you are, dear," said Mrs. Merrill reassuringly, "and we'll get a bite. Hal said there was a nice little place right on the way to the station and if we go quickly, we'll have time for a sandwich and a glass of milk. Then if that isn't enough, perhaps we can get something later. In fact," and she smiled mysteriously, "I think I wouldn't worry a bit about starving if I were you."

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After that Mary Jane didn't bother about being hungry—she was too busy wondering what was going to happen. They got a sandwich, a luscious big chicken sandwich with white meat sticking out all around the edges, and a glass of milk, a great big glass of milk, and that was all there was time for. Even so they barely got down the stairs in time for their train.

The ride out to Wellesley was great fun, for Uncle Hal told them stories all the way—stories of jolly times he had had going over this same route and of fun at Wellesley.

"When I grow up," announced Alice as they got off at the station, "I'm coming to Wellesley and I'm going to know some folks at Harvard and everything just like you've been telling us about."

"And I'm coming here too," said Mary Jane, "I wouldn't go to any place but Wellesley 'cause it's the very nicest."

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"A lot you know about it," teased Uncle Hal, "now why is Wellesley the nicest—can you tell that?"

"'Cause it's near to Harvard," said Mary Jane, and of course if she had thought all day, she couldn't have thought up an answer that would better please her Harvard uncle.

"We'll hop onto this trolley and ride to the entrance to save time," said Uncle Hal as he hailed a passing car. They rode a very little way, really not a nickel's worth Mary Jane said, and found themselves at the college entrance.

Of the next hour and a half Mary Jane didn't have a very clear understanding. There was so much to see that a person just couldn't see and remember it all; and so many folks talking that one couldn't hear everything. But she remembered what she could and saved it up to ask her mother about afterward. There were the old-fashioned red brick buildings on the quadrangle and the stately Tower Court where Hal's friend,

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Miss Elliott, lived, and the beautiful campus with its lovely old trees that cast an inviting shade over the lawns.

"I'm going to study hard and come here to college," said Alice, after they had completed their trip around the grounds, "I think it would be just *wonderful* to live here for four years! And just think, Mother," she added, "in five years I'll be coming here!" She looked dreamily over the beautiful place and tried to imagine herself one of the girls in gay sport clothes walking under those very trees.

"I'm coming here too," said Mary Jane, "and I'll be here before so very long, won't I, Mother dear?"

"Before we know it, at the rate you girls are now growing," laughed Mrs. Merrill, "and just think of the fun *I'm* going to have coming here to 'settle my daughters' when they begin college."

Miss Elliott found them excellent seats where they could watch the dancing, and Mary Jane

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enjoyed sitting and looking at everything quite as much as being shown around. She thought the dancing wonderful and held her breath with the joy of it as the dancers came gayly down the shaded hill, across the open green and back up the hill again when the dance was over.

"I'll have to learn a lot if I'm going to come here and do all that," she whispered to her mother when the dancers were out of sight behind the greenery that made the background.

"No doubt about that, dear," said Mrs. Merrill, "but just think how much you are learning all the time! By the time you are grown-up as those girls are, you'll be sure to know a lot."

"Has Uncle Hal said anything about tea or anything?" whispered Alice as the groups of people broke up and she guessed that the program was over.

As though they suspected what the girls might be thinking of, Miss Elliott and Hal came up at that minute and Uncle Hal said, "I've just been telling Dorothy that we'll take our quarter

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of a cup of tea and half a wafer that we could get over there, some other time, and she's agreed to let me take you all to the Inn for real tea. Want to go or doesn't food appeal to you?"

"Um-m," said Alice, trying hard to be really grown-up like Miss Elliott, "I think I could eat a little if you insist."

"Here's the insisting then," laughed Uncle Hal, and tucking her arm into his, he started off, passed the administration building and down Freshman Row.

Miss Elliott walked with Mrs. Merrill and Mary Jane and pointed out the various houses as they passed them.

"This is where you want to stay your freshman year," she said as they passed a three-story frame building on their left, "lots of nice girls go there and you'll have great larks. But you'll have to put her application in early if you want her to get in there, Mrs. Merrill," she advised, "because it's one of the most popular houses."

"I think I'll put in application for both girls

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as soon as I can attend to it," said Mrs. Merrill, "for what I have seen of the college in even this one little glimpse, has made me feel that Alice and Mary Jane must go here. I can't imagine a more charming place to spend four years than right here."

Hal and Alice had turned in to a building on the other side of the street so Mary Jane hurried her mother and Miss Elliott that they might catch up.

"He engaged a table by 'phone before he came out," said Miss Elliott, "so we know they'll be looking for us."

"And then they'll have plenty to eat even though there are lots of folks, won't they?" said Mary Jane, much comforted.

Uncle Hal showed them to the table by the window where they could eat and at the same time see everything that might be going on either inside or out.

Mary Jane was a bit curious as to what Uncle Hal might offer her to eat—especially as he

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didn't ask her what she wanted. But evidently he knew what was good, for when the tray arrived a few minutes later it was piled up with good things.

"I thought you didn't have time to overeat this noon so you might like a hearty tea," he explained as Mrs. Merrill looked with a bit of dismay at the loaded tray. "If you don't want any, sister," he added, "I know some people who can eat more than their share—and I didn't have any lunch myself!"

There were sandwiches—olive sandwiches and lettuce and chicken, all so dainty and pretty that Mary Jane thought she could eat twenty by herself she was that hungry! And tea in dainty gold-rimmed cups, and fudge cake with icing as thick as the cake—almost—and cunning little cakes and candies in paper cases.

Mary Jane watched to see how Miss Elliot fixed her tea and then she took cloves too, just as Miss Elliott did—though it did make a funny taste. Still when one is visiting college one does

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as college folks do—cream and sugar is all right for home use, but isn't grown-up enough when one is "at college."

After tea, Miss Elliott walked down to the station with them and told them good-by. Mary Jane was sorry that they weren't to see her again but Miss Elliott explained that she would be far too busy with her own college affairs to come to the parties at Harvard.

"What are you thinking about so solemnly?" asked Uncle Hal as they were riding back to Boston, "you haven't said a word for five minutes!"

"I'm thinking 'bout my new shoes," said Mary Jane. "All the girls at Wellesley had white shoes and I've got white shoes—in the trunk. I'm going to wear them to-morrow and you're going to be surprised, you are, Uncle Hal."

"I believe it," laughed Uncle Hal, "I'll wager I'll be proud of my family."

"You won't be, if your family doesn't get back

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to its room and unpack its trunk pretty soon," said Mrs. Merrill.

"No," she added later, when they got off the train and he started toward their hotel, "you aren't to go a step of the way with us. It's right there in plain sight and we couldn't get lost if we tried. Now hurry back to Cambridge and do your work and don't you dare come to the hotel before seven."

"And we'll unpack and press our dresses and get everything ready for Class Day, won't we Mother?" said Mary Jane, "I think that'll be as much fun as seeing things."

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CLASS DAY FUN—AND TROUBLES

"THEY *must* be all right," said Alice, as the girls were about through dressing for Class Day the next morning. "You know you tried them on three or four times, the day we bought them, and shoes don't change."

Mary Jane walked up and down the room twice, looking all the while at her left shoe. "Well," very doubtfully, "maybe they are all right now, only they don't *feel* all right—they don't a bit."

Mrs. Merrill sat down in the nearest chair and looked at Mary Jane in consternation.

"You don't mean to say that now when we are every bit ready to go to Class Day, and there isn't time to hunt up a store, that you think your shoes are wrong! Why, Mary Jane, you know you tried them on and tried them on and were sure they were a perfect fit."

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"I know it," said Mary Jane, "and they *were* all right, only now there's something sticks into my heel every time I take a step."

"Give it to me dear," replied Mrs. Merrill, "and I'll press open the heels more. Maybe they are just a bit stiff. And then I'll put your black pumps in my bag so if these hurt you, you can change."

"But, *Mother!*" exclaimed Mary Jane, "folks don't wear black shoes to Class Day, not with new organdy dresses and a pink sash!"

"To be sure they don't," agreed Mrs. Merrill, "but black pumps would be vastly better than blistered heels, so we'll take them along to be sure. Are we ready now?" she added and as nobody objected she locked the door and they set out for Cambridge and Class Day.

The first thing on their arrival at Harvard was to see Uncle Hal's room. It was on the first floor in Matthews and was so attractive that Mary Jane thought she would like to stay here all day and just look at things. Off the

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main room, which was both a living room and study, were two tiny bedrooms, one Uncle Hal's and the other his roommate's. Mary Jane was fascinated by those tiny rooms.

"It's just as I'd like a house," she said to her uncle, "a great big room with banners and pictures and lots of things to look at and a tiny little room all my own to keep house in."

"Do you cook your breakfast there?" asked Alice as she spied a chafing dish in a corner.

"Heavens! No!" laughed Hal, "what do you think we come to Harvard for? To practice cooking? No, that's only for fudge or something—just on state occasions."

"Well, isn't this a state occasion?" asked Alice.

"Um-m, well, yes it is," admitted Hal, as he saw he had cornered himself, "but I'm afraid there isn't time for fudge-making. See, there is the band already and it's almost time to go over to the hall for the exercises."

Mary Jane was quite willing to give up fudge

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for a band and she stood at the window watching the yard. It was a picture to make any little girl—or big girl either—look long. The yard was gayly decorated with lanterns and streamers, and chairs set about invited folks to be comfortable while they visited or listened to the band. The walks and open spaces were thronged with well-dressed people all eager and happy and having a beautiful time. The frequent sight of a student in cap and gown, or, less often, in the red garb of marshal, made Mary Jane feel as though it was all a great play, and she was thrilled to think that she—Mary Jane—only six years old and living way off in Chicago—was there seeing it all. There were lots of men and lots of women but she hadn't yet seen a single girl as young as herself.

"I must remember every bit of it so's to tell it to Daddah," she said to herself, as a group of students and alumni went by singing, "I must remember it all."

But of course a person couldn't remember it

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all—for something was happening every minute! The exercises in Sander's Theatre for which, thanks to Uncle Hal's many friends, they all had seats; lunch at the "Dickey," one of Uncle Hal's clubs, and the procession to the Stadium. Much to Mary Jane's amazement, this procession was led by *old* men—men as old as her grandfather.

"Why, do they go to Harvard, Mother?" she asked as the old men marched by.

"Not now, dear, answered Mrs. Merrill, "they went there years ago—oh, long ago."

"Then what are they in Uncle Hal's Class Day for?" asked Mary Jane.

"They've come back for their re-union," explained Mrs. Merrill. "They come back in three years and ten years and twenty-five years I think it is—you must ask Uncle Hal to be sure, and their class has a regular get-together party. Then of course they come other times, whenever they can."

"They look as though they liked to come back," observed Mary Jane.

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"They surely do," agreed Mrs. Merrill.

"I think that's fine," decided Mary Jane, "I should think it would be fun to march and shout and everything like that, after you'd been a grown-up man and had to behave so much."

At the tag-end of the procession, the onlookers fell in line and hurried over to the Stadium where the exercises were held. Mary Jane was thrilled by the sight of the great cement building, open to the blue sky and thronged with happy-looking people.

"I like it, Mother," she whispered as they found their seats, "I like it a lot, 'cause everything's so pretty and it makes you feel so good."

After the exercises were over the crowd scattered to the various club houses for tea. Uncle Hal took his party first to the D. U. house where they met some of his friends, and had lobster salad and sandwiches and cake and ice cream and tea.

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"Better not eat too much," he advised as he saw Mary Jane reach for a third sandwich.

"Haven't they made enough?" asked Mary Jane.

"Look at the piles on the table," laughed Uncle Hal, "no, I guess they have enough, but you've just begun. You see, we have to make the rounds of several houses and you have to eat something at every place."

"Don't you worry about us," observed Alice, consolingly, "we can always eat at every place, and every time."

"All right then, go ahead, ladies," laughed Uncle Hal. "Bill, pass the food to my starving family!" And Alice and Mary Jane, both had second helpings all around.

But by the time they had eaten lobster salad and tea and sandwiches and ice cream and cakes at D. U., and tea and lobster salad and sandwiches and ice cream and cakes at the "Dickey," and lobster salad and sandwiches and tea and

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ice cream and cakes at the "Crimson" house, Mary Jane began to suspect that Uncle Hal's advice about going light at first wasn't so bad after all.

"Do they have the same things because that's all they know how to cook or because they think that's all we like to eat?" asked Mary Jane when she saw her plate filled with the fifth—or was it the sixth, she had lost count—helping of salad.

"You can't prove it by me," laughed Uncle Hal, "I guess it's all just the proper thing to have on Class Day. Don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mary Jane, politely, "and I *used* to like it a *lot.*"

"Maybe you're not really hungry any more," said Uncle Hal with a teasing twinkle in his eye, "if you can stand it not to eat for a while suppose we dance."

He brought up one of his friends, Lawrence Echart, to talk to Mary Jane and danced off with Alice.

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"Have you a little sister about my size?" asked Mary of the college man she was left with.

"No, I haven't," he replied.

"I thought not," said Mary Jane.

"Now what made you think that?" asked Hal's friend with real curiosity.

"'Cause you talk to me like I was a real grown-up lady," explained Mary Jane. "When they've got a little sister like me they just bow when Uncle Hal brings 'em up and they say 'what grade are you in in school?' and then before I can answer they start talking to somebody else. But when they haven't any little sister, they talk to me like I was a real grown-up lady —well, anyway, as though I was as big as Alice."

"That's funny," laughed Mr. Echart, "what would you say if I asked you to dance with me —like a real lady?"

"I'd say thank you, yes I will," replied Mary Jane demurely, and much to her partner's sur-

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prise she danced off every bit as well as he could.

Now usually Mary Jane loved to dance; she and Alice often danced together and both enjoyed it and did it well. And to-day should have been perfect for the music was good and the floors excellent. But they hadn't taken a dozen steps before sharp twinges of pain shot through her left heel and she felt as though she couldn't stand it another minute.

"Tired?" asked Mr. Echart, as he noticed that something was wrong. "Anything you'd rather do than dance?"

"Yes," replied Mary Jane with a sudden burst of feeling, "I'd rather take off my shoe! Do they have any place where folks take off their shoes on Class Day?"

"Well," said her partner, "I can't say that they prepare for it as a regular part of the program, but it might be done."

"Then let's do it right away," said Mary Jane miserably.

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She sighed with relief as the offending shoe came off.
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She hobbled down the stairs after her partner and into a small office on the left. There was a great table in the center of the room, and pulled up to it was a huge, comfortable chair.

"How will that do?" asked Mr. Echart.

"Any chair would *do*," answered Mary Jane, "but that one is lovely!"

"Well, you sit down there, young lady," he added, "and I'll take off that shoe."

"Oh, that feels good," she sighed with relief as the offending shoe came off and she settled back in comfort in the great chair.

"Where did it hurt?" asked Mr. Echart.

"Right there," said Mary Jane, pointing to the back of the heel.

"That's easy," said Mr. Echart, "it's just too stiff and likely as not has made a blister. You just wait till I put in a pad of soft tissue paper and you'll see how much better it will feel."

At that minute the music stopped and Alice and Uncle Hal appeared at the door of the room.

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"You don't mean to say," demanded Hal, "that you are letting my niece sit in the president's chair—the sacred chair of the president of the Crimson?"

"You didn't think you were going to keep it yourself, did you?" laughed Lawrence, "I must say Mary Jane looks every bit as well in it as you did!"

"But what are you doing?" asked Hal.

"Going into the boot and shoe business—repairing department," announced Lawrence. "And if I don't get the job I want on the Boston *Transcript,* I'm going to open a shop of my own. How's that feel, now?" he added as he slipped the shoe back on.

Mary Jane set her foot gingerly onto the floor. Then, as it didn't hurt, she pressed, harder and harder.

"It's all right," she said with great relief, "my, but you know a lot and I'm so much obliged!"

"You're entirely welcome," said Mr. Echart

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smilingly, "we do find a college education useful sometimes," he added teasingly, "even if it's only for stuffing copy paper into young ladies' shoes. Now where do we go from here?"

"Back to the yard for the music and lights," said Hal, and back to the yard they all went and found themselves chairs where they could hear the singing and watch the beautiful picture made by the throngs of people, the gay lights and the gleaming fountain.

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WINNING THE GAME

HOW Class Day ended and how she got into her own room in the hotel, Mary Jane never in the world could have told you. She had a hazy recollection of singing, and lights, and crowds of people passing and re-passing; of more singing, and more lights, flashing through water and of people stopping to talk to her mother and Uncle Hal and their friends; of Mr. Echart inquiring about her shoe, and of Uncle Hal slipping on the black pumps that he must have gone to his room to get, and putting the white ones in his pocket. And then, later, of being picked up and carried to a taxi and of dozing comfortably against her mother during a long ride. But more than that she didn't know.

And now the sun was shining and her mother was standing at the side of the bed, dressed and

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ready to go and asking if Mary Jane was ever going to wake up.

"Is it all over?" asked Mary Jane sleepily, "Class Day and everything all over?"

"Class Day is over," replied Mrs. Merrill, "but everything isn't. Don't you remember that to-day is the game, the baseball game between Harvard and Yale?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary Jane sitting up in bed and wide awake at once, "it's the game Harvard wins and we see 'em do it."

"You certainly are loyal enough to suit even your Uncle Hal!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill laughingly. "He never will forget how you told everyone within hearing that you were going to Harvard when you grew up."

"Did I really, Mother?" cried Mary Jane in dismay, "when?" She forgot all about being sleepy and sat straight up in bed.

"Yes, my dear, you did," replied Mrs. Merrill. "When Hal was trying to wake you up enough to get you into the taxi you said you

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didn't want to leave Harvard and that you were going to be president of the Crimson like Uncle Hal. And then, when he told you that you were too young, you announced that you were coming when you grew up."

"Well, anyway, Mother," interrupted Alice anxious to comfort her sister, "we *are* coming to Wellesley, you know, that's all settled and Wellesley is *almost* Harvard."

"Don't you worry!" laughed Mrs. Merrill, "Uncle Hal wasn't bothered. He was so proud to have you like it all and so pleased the way you met all his friends, that he liked to have you want to come—you just ask him to-day and you'll see.

"Now," she continued briskly, "I know you're sleepy, but you hurry up and jump into the tub. I have the water ready, and then when you're through, you'll find a lovely surprise."

"Do I know, Mother?" asked Alice.

"No," replied Mrs. Merrill, "and you never in the world could guess, so don't try. While

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Mary Jane tubs, I'll brush and braid your hair and by that time the surprise will be coming and you'll be ready for it. And don't hurry *too* fast, Mary Jane," she added, "you want to scrub as well as tub, you know."

It was a good thing she gave that warning, for even with a warning Mary Jane hurried so furiously fast that there was no time wasted over details. But she felt fresh and clean anyway and was wide awake and glowing from her rub.

"Now where's the surprise?" she asked.

"Slip into the bathroom again both of you—scoot!" and at that minute there was a loud knock on the door.

"Now whatever do you suppose—" wondered Alice as she heard her mother open the door of the room and talk to someone.

They had not long to wait—fortunately. A couple of minutes and Mrs. Merrill opened the bathroom door and—what do you suppose they saw?

Drawn up near the windows that overlooked

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Copley Square was a cunning little table and on the table was—you never would guess—breakfast for three! Strawberries and cream and cereal and milk and eggs and toast and hashed brown potatoes—the hot things all on silver dishes and covered with big silver covers to keep them nice and hot while the fruit and cereal were being eaten.

"Mother!" exclaimed Mary Jane, and then she stopped for she couldn't think of anything to say.

"How'd you ever think of it?" asked Alice.

"I didn't," answered Mrs. Merrill, and the girls saw that she was as pleased as they were with the idea. "Hal thought of it. When he brought us up last night he suggested that maybe we'd be tired this morning and that we shouldn't hurry. He said he'd order it as he went away and that I should ring when we were ready and they'd bring it up."

"And you did, and *they* did," added Mary

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Jane, not very intelligently to be sure, but they all knew what she meant.

"How did he know what to order?" asked Alice as she took the first luscious bit of strawberry.

"I guess he just ordered what he saw you liked yesterday, which was a very good way to do," said Mrs. Merrill. "Now while we eat, let's plan what to do to-day."

"When is the game?" asked Alice.

"Not till afternoon," replied Mrs. Merrill. "I thought maybe this morning would be a good time to take that ride through Boston that we didn't get on Monday—that won't tire us, and anyway, we'll just be sitting at the game, it won't be a lot of walking like yesterday."

"And I won't wear white shoes, will I?" asked Mary Jane with a pang of recollection.

"You poor child!" cried Mrs. Merrill, "as soon as we get through breakfast I must see about those shoes and your foot! I can't see

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why they should have given so much trouble when they seemed all right."

"I guess they're all right now," said Mary Jane, "but when are we going to ride on the swan boats? Uncle Hal said I could ride every day and we didn't even go there yesterday!"

"I thought we had enough to do yesterday as it was," laughed Mrs. Merrill. "Let's see, we might go there at the end of our ride. We are having such a late breakfast too that we won't want much lunch—would that be all right?"

Breakfast over, Alice finished dressing while Mary Jane had her hair brushed and the big ribbon tied on; then she finished dressing while her mother and Alice got out hats and tidied the room ready to go. Mary Jane would have loved to linger all morning at the window, for the comfy chairs felt so good and there was always something interesting to watch in the Square below. But when one goes to Boston, they don't seem to expect to sit in chairs at windows; they seem to hurry around and see some-

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thing every minute—Mary Jane had discovered that.

They went nearly halfway around the Square, leaving Mary Jane's shoes at a little basement shop they were referred to on the way, and then they got into a great blue automobile that took folks around the city. Mary Jane tried to remember everything they saw, for she could tell that when she grew up big like Alice and was in eighth grade as Alice was, she too would want to know all about the historical sights they were seeing. Alice seemed to know all about the Old South Church, the Boston Navy Yard, the first court house and the funny, narrow winding streets. For her part, Mary Jane liked the Navy Yard best, for there they got out of the car and saw many sorts of government boats. Also they had the fun of going all over the old ship *Constitution*—a famous boat of long ago. Mary Jane thought the funny little cannon they used in those days looked very queer compared with the great big guns they could see on the

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boats in use now—they looked like toy cannon ready for a boy's Fourth of July!

Back in the big auto again they drove through the tenement district, and there Mary Jane held her breath many a time for the streets were so *very* narrow, the buildings so high and close, and the ragged, hungry looking children ran across the streets in a reckless way that frightened Mary Jane nearly to death. She was glad when they left that part of the city and drove to see Bunker Hill Monument.

It seemed a very small monument to make such a fuss about, but Mrs. Merrill explained that monuments are important not for their size but for what they celebrate.

"It does seem too bad, though," said Mary Jane thoughtfully as they turned away to go back to the car, "that the battle of Bunker Hill couldn't have been where those poor children want to play! Here's a lovely park and there, why, there isn't anything but a narrow street!

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When I grow up, I'm going to have a park for everybody—that's the way things ought to be."

Mrs. Merrill had the driver let them out at the entrance to the Commons instead of Copley Square, and they walked over to the lagoon to take the ride in the swan boats.

"I think this is the nicest thing to do!" exclaimed Mary Jane happily as the boat slowly paddled away from the tiny dock. "I feel so grand and story-book-y!"

"Do you suppose we could ever come here and just ride and ride and ride?" she added, "I'd just love to ride all day!"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Merrill thoughtfully, "I'm afraid we couldn't ride all day, dear, but we might come again after the game this afternoon and get two or three rides. You know a friend of Uncle Hal's is going to take us on a drive to-morrow and there's something planned for every single day."

"Well, then," said Mary Jane, "let's come

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whenever we can—and oh, I do just love it, I do!"

After a hurried bit of primping at their room the Merrills took the subway to Cambridge where they met Uncle Hal and went to the game. Crowds of gayly-dressed people were all hurrying the same way, bands were playing and colors flying, and Mary Jane got so thrilled that for a while she forgot all about the swan boats. Hal had not been able to get seats all together—one rarely could, he explained; so it was decided that Alice, who was looking (and feeling) very grown-up with her striped sport skirt, blue smock and white sport hat, should sit a few rows away with Lawrence Echart, while Hal and Mrs. Merrill and Mary Jane should sit together.

Alice's seat was halfway down in the middle of the stand and the others were up on the very top row. At first Mary Jane was very frightened; she couldn't stand up, she couldn't look around, for right there behind her was the end

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of the grandstand and the long, long way down to the ground—straight down. But gradually she got more used to it and she peeked around just a wee, tiny bit.

And there, right in the next row, was a boy about her own age shouting for—Yale!

"Why!" exclaimed Mary Jane in amazement, "he wants Yale to beat!"

"Some people do!" laughed Hal, much amused.

"But *Yale!*" exclaimed Mary Jane, "why—why—I thought *everybody* went to Harvard!"

The folks around her couldn't help but hear and they couldn't help being amused at her frankness. One kindly-looking gentleman just in front turned around and said, "Yes, my dear, folks *do* go to Yale—I did it myself." And everyone laughed.

Usually Mary Jane was very quiet, but the bands and flying colors and crowds of people must have excited her, for she suddenly forgot all about the long distance to the ground—just

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behind; she grabbed her mother's hand and climbed up on the bench; she waved her crimson banner high over her head and shouted at the top of her small voice, "I'm for Harvard! I want Harvard to win!"

And sure enough, Harvard did.

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THE ADVENTURE BY THE LAGOON

"DO you think you two girls will be all right here while Hal and I sit over there and visit awhile?" asked Mrs. Merrill.

It was the late afternoon of the game and the Merrills, with Hal, had driven in to Boston with some friends of Hal's and now were sitting in the Commons trying to keep the promise to Mary Jane to let her ride all she wished in the swan boats.

It seemed a hopeless promise to keep though, for no sooner had they taken one ride than Mary Jane was ready for another, and another and another. Finally Mrs. Merrill suggested that as she and Hal had many things to talk about, they might sit at the side of the lagoon and let the two girls ride by themselves; Alice was old enough to make such a plan perfectly safe and anyway there was no danger, for Mary Jane was big enough to look after herself on the boat.

"Surely!" said Alice replying to her mother's

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question, "you sit right over there and we'll be safe as safe can be."

"And if we run out of money for rides," added practical Mary Jane, "we'll come and tell you."

"I'll save you the trouble," said Uncle Hal, "I'll buy a bunch of tickets that you never can use up!" And much to Mary Jane's delight, he went over to the window where the tickets were sold and bought fifty cents' worth—ten whole rides—five for each girl.

"Thank you ever so much, Uncle Hal," said Mary Jane gratefully, "and if you change your mind and want to ride, I'll let you have one of my tickets," she promised as he handed her five all for herself.

"Yes," added Alice, "and if mother wants to ride again, I'll let her have one of mine."

"Thanks awfully, ladies," said Hal laughing, "but I think sister and I will enjoy the talking every bit as much as you enjoy the riding, so everybody will be happy."

Mary Jane thought she never, never, never

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had had such a blissful time! The sun, halfway down in the west, was just warm enough; a soft June breeze blew the lagoon into tiny ripples and made the air cool and comfortable after the warm day; flowers blooming on the bank filled the air with dainty fragrance and, best of all, there were those magic boats—and five tickets all her own. She and Alice picked out the front seat in the boat they thought the prettiest and there they sat. They didn't even trouble to get off when one ride was over; they simply sat still while the two or three other passengers stepped off at the dock and two or three other passengers stepped on, and then off the boat went again on its slow, stately journey around the little lake.

But at the end of the third ride they noticed some talking at the side of the dock furtherest away from where Mrs. Merrill and Hal were sitting, and Alice stood up to see what was the matter.

"Look at that child!" exclaimed Alice. "Look, Mary Jane, at what she's doing! She's

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trying to make her doll sit on the edge of the dock, and anybody would know a doll couldn't do that!"

Evidently everyone around there except the little lady herself was of the same opinion as Alice, for the other children were trying to tell her that the doll couldn't sit there; that she would fall in surely, surely, if such a thing was attempted.

"And it's such a pretty doll too," worried Mary Jane. "Come on, Alice, let's get off and tell her not to do it. Maybe she'll mind us 'cause she doesn't know us."

But they were too late. Just as they stepped off the swan boat ready to hurry over to the end of the dock where the children were, the little lady succeeded in getting the doll set stiff and straight at the very edge of the dock. For a breathless instant the doll sat there. Then, so quickly nobody could reach out a hand or do a thing, the prettily-dressed doll tumbled over on its face—splash!—into the lagoon.

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For an instant the children all stood motionless in amazement. Then the little mother began to cry, "My dolly's drowned! My dolly's drowned! I didn't want my dolly to drown!"

"Then what did you sit her on the edge of the dock for?" demanded an older boy who had tried with the others to tell her that the doll might fall in.

"'Cause I wanted her to sit there!" retorted the girl, "that's why!" Then with a sudden recollection of her loss, the impudence left her and she sat down on the dock and began to cry.

"Let's call for help," suggested Mary Jane, and she looked around to see just where her mother and uncle were sitting.

"Call nothing!" exclaimed the big boy, "do you want to get us all run in? Ain't you got no sense?"

Mary Jane looked at him in amazement. What was "run in" and why not call for help when a beautiful doll was drowned?

Alice, too, was surprised at the boy's attitude

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but being his own age she wasn't backward about asking for an explanation.

"Why not call for help?" she demanded. "How are you going to get the doll out?"

"Don't you worry about that," he said tartly, and then, more politely, he explained, "the park cop told us not to stay close by the water, and here she went and let her doll fall in and if we holler he'll hear sure as shooting and come and order us on. You just stop crying now," he said to the little mother who, frightened by his order to keep still was crying softly to herself, "we'll get her out for you—you just wait!"

"Is she your sister?" asked Alice.

"Sister—nothing!" replied the boy, "think my sister would have such a fine doll? That's my sister," he added, jerking his thumb toward a ragged little girl on the edge of the group, "my sister ain't got no doll—but she ain't a cry baby either!" he added.

Alice looked interestedly at the child thus

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pointed out. She was a bright, pretty looking little girl with oh, such a poor dress—and no doll? Why she was just Mary Jane's age—but this was no time to stand looking at other folks, and she turned to the water to see what could be done.

Mary Jane, in the meantime, had crept up to the edge of the dock and was peering down into the clear water.

"There it is," she said, pointing, "see? It's right down there! Now, don't you cry, we're going to get it out in a jiffy. I wish I had a long stick to poke with."

"You don't need a stick," said the big boy, peering over beside her. "See how shallow it is? And a stick would just stir up mud and get its clothes all dirty."

"I could pretty nearly reach it without a stick," suggested Mary Jane as she sat on the pier and reached down into the water.

"That's an idea," exclaimed the boy, "that's

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just what I'm going to do." He proceeded to lie down flat on the narrow dock and stretch his hands down into the water.

"You almost touched it!" exclaimed Mary Jane excitedly, "just reach a little more—"

"But I can't reach any more!" said the boy, "see?" And he looked up for a suggestion. "Oh, I'll tell you what!" he added, "I'll reach over farther and you hold my feet so I won't fall in. Then I'll reach down with one hand and I'll bet I get it."

He wormed himself closer to the edge of the dock and while Alice held tightly to his shoes, he reached down, down, down into the water.

"He's got it," reported Mary Jane, who was watching, "he's touched it and he's got it—look!"

Sure enough. The boy wiggled back a bit from the very edge and lifted the dripping doll out of the water.

"Oh, my dolly! My dolly!" cried the little mother, "but she's all wet!"

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"You almost touched it!" exclaimed Mary Jane.

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"What did you expect after such a soaking?" chuckled the boy, "but water'll dry. My coat's wet but it'll dry in this warm air." He took off his coat and spread it out in the sun on the dock.

"And that's what you must do to your doll," said Mary Jane. She loved nothing so much as mothering folks—children, dolls—it didn't matter which just so they needed something done for them. "Here, let me help you and we'll have her fixed in a jiffy."

She sat down on the dock, with the little mother beside her, and began to undress the soaked dolly. "Now we'll take off her dress—so. And then her petticoat—so. And we'll spread 'em all out in the sun—so."

"Why don't you spread 'em on a bush?" asked the boy practically, "that's what I do when I go swimming."

"Here, I'll do it," said his sister, and the shy little brown-eyed girl forgot all about herself and being afraid of strangers in her eagerness to touch the doll's pretty wet clothes.

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"Then you do it," agreed Mary Jane. Very carefully she took off stockings, shoes, underclothes, every stitch the doll had on and the little Italian girl spread the things on the bushes in the sunshine.

"You ought to spread the doll too," said Alice, "she's so wet the clothes get wet as soon as you put them back on."

"I'll tell you," suggested Mary Jane jumping up hurriedly, "let's get mother and Uncle Hal to hold it in the sun while we take a ride on the swan boat."

"Y'haf ta have money to ride those boats," replied the boy, "and we ain't got none."

"You don't have to have money if you have tickets," answered Mary Jane, "and I've got plenty of those—see?" And proudly she displayed the tickets she had put in her pocket when she began undressing the doll. "Come on, lets!"

Holding the undressed doll in her hands, she

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ran around the lagoon to where her mother was sitting. "Mother!" she exclaimed suddenly, "will you please hold this doll in the sun so it'll dry while I take these folks for a ride?"

"What in the world?" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill in amazement as she saw the strange children, the dripping doll and her own excited little girl.

"She drowned," explained Mary Jane, pointing to the doll, "and he rescued her," pointing to the boy, "and we're all going to take a ride."

Hal looked at the children and suspected that they were to be Mary Jane's guests—with the exception of the little girl who owned the doll they were ragged and poor looking, so he asked, "Have enough tickets, Mary Jane?"

"Just enough," replied Mary Jane, "with Alice's and mine together."

"Then we'll hold the doll and watch you ride," said Mrs. Merrill.

The children scampered over to the dock and

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got aboard a boat. The little Italian girl sat with Alice and Mary Jane and the others took the back seat.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child rapturously, as the boat slowly moved away from the shore, "ain't it just like a fairy story?"

"You like stories too!" cried Mary Jane delightedly, "so do I and I feel just like a princess. I do every time I ride on 'em."

"I never rode on one before," said the stranger, "but I feel like a princess now, I do."

"Never rode on a swan boat, never had a doll," the thought kept running through Mary Jane's head during the rest of the ride and while they were getting off and going back to her mother, "never had a doll—" How funny that would seem!

The rescued doll was not dry yet, of course, but Uncle Hal had procured a paper to wrap it in, so that it could be carried home safely.

"We'll get the clothes and wrap them up too," said Alice, and Mary Jane, and the mother of

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the doll ran and brought the clothes from the bush at the other side of the lagoon, and Alice wrapped them carefully so nothing could be lost out on the way home.

While she was doing that, Mary Jane whispered to her mother, "Won't you please find out the name of that little girl with the brown eyes, and the boy, Mother dear, and where they live, and I'll tell you why when we get home to the hotel?"

Mrs. Merrill pulled out her tiny notebook and tactfully asking the boy for his name and address, wrote them down in the book. Then they all said a good-by to their new friends, for it was now high time they were getting back to dress for dinner.

"Mother dear," said Mary Jane as she skipped along beside her mother five minutes later, "that little girl never had a doll and she never went on the boats before though she lives right here in Boston. And as soon as we get home I want to send her a doll, all dressed in

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pretty clothes and everything—may I please?"

"Indeed yes, dear," answered Mrs. Merrill, much pleased with the idea. "We'll do it just as soon as we get home, and you and Alice may make the clothes and have it a really gift of your own."

When, an hour or more after dinner that evening, Mary Jane snuggled down in her bed for a long night's sleep, she said to Alice, "Didn't we have fun to-day? Winning the game and going boat riding and rescuing the doll and everything? Now I wonder what'll happen to-morrow?"

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COMMENCEMENT IN THE STADIUM

THE first thing Mary Jane did when she wakened the next morning was to run and look out of the window. All their plans for the day depended upon the weather. Year after year the Harvard commencement had been held in Sanders Theatre, one of the rooms in Memorial Hall, and as the graduating class was always so large and the theatre so small in comparison, it was impossible for each student to have more than one ticket—and of course that meant that Mary Jane was not to go. But this year, partly through the influence of her own Uncle Hal, it had been decided to hold the exercises in the Stadium—if the weather permitted. And that meant that Mary Jane could go; in fact, she had the ticket all ready, the ticket marked so plainly "not good in case of rain."

A glance at the sky showed her she was not to be disappointed. It was clear and blue and the

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few dainty white clouds scattered about looked as unlike rain clouds as could be. It was a perfect June day.

"Goody!" she exclaimed, as she ran back to take a peep at the precious ticket. Not many little girls of six ever went to a Harvard commencement, and Mary Jane guessed that she was very fortunate.

Mrs. Merrill suggested that as both girls had had a good night's sleep, they dress and take a bit of a walk before breakfast, stopping on the way for Mary Jane's shoes which were to be ready. So Mary Jane slipped on a dark gingham dress after her bath, and they started out. There was only time for a short walk as they were tempted into the library and lingered to enjoy the pictures. Mary Jane knew the story of the Holy Grail, as every girl should, and she and Alice both enjoyed looking at the lovely paintings.

"Let's come again!" exclaimed Alice as her mother reminded them that they simply must

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not stay any longer now, as Uncle Hal would be waiting.

"Oh, I just love it here!" whispered Mary Jane as they walked down the broad marble staircase. "Doesn't it make you feel like a princess in your own castle? I can just see my subjects walking behind holding up my train and thinking how grand and lovely I look."

"Seems to me a good many things make you feel 'like a princess,'" said Mrs. Merrill smilingly, "the swan boats and now the marble stairs of the library."

"Well, I guess Boston must be a princess-y sort of a place," replied Mary Jane, "'cause I never felt that way in Chicago. I like Boston. I like Chicago too," she added loyally, "but Boston is more princess-y feeling."

They crossed the Square and hurried up to their room to dress. The girls were to wear the dainty little organdies they had worn on Class Day. Mrs. Merrill had had them pressed and when the girls stepped into the room there they

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were on the beds—as fresh and crisp as new. And now that the new shoes were fixed with a soft pad of leather at the heel to keep them from slipping up and down and making a blister, there was nothing likely to mar the day.

It didn't take long to dress as everything was laid out ready, and soon the three Merrills were in the subway, dashing out to meet Uncle Hal at Harvard Square. There wasn't much time for visiting; and anyway, Mary Jane didn't feel much like visiting just "common-like" with a queer-looking uncle who wore a long black dress and had a funny pointed cap on his head. Her mother explained that it was a "gown" not a dress, and that all the students who graduated that day and all the men of the university wore them. Mary Jane had, of course, seen a good many of them on Class Day but she couldn't get used to her own Uncle Hal having such a funny gown.

They all went over toward the Stadium together, and as they stepped upon the bridge

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across the Charles River, Uncle Hal picked her up and set her on his shoulder while Mrs. Merrill took a picture of them.

"There now," said Hal as he set her down again, "if anybody ever doubts that you came to my commencement they can just look at that! There's the Charles River in it and the Stadium in the background and you and I in front—if we didn't break the camera."

In the row in front of them, in the Stadium, sat Hal's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey. Alice and Mary Jane had never met them before, though Mrs. Merrill had known them some time.

"I'm so sorry you've been here all these days and we've been away," exclaimed Mrs. Humphrey, as the Merrils were seated. "We just got in this morning. I'm wondering if you and these nice girls wouldn't like to go for a drive this afternoon? Have you been down on the south shore? Toward Nantasket?"

"We haven't done a thing but Harvard!"

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laughed Mrs. Merrill, "because Hal wanted us to go to all the exercises and parties. We've had a marvelous time, but aside from one short ride, we haven't tried to see anything of Boston —I thought that would keep till the job of graduating my brother was over," she added.

"That's just the way I knew you would feel," answered Mrs. Humphrey, "because I know how Hal's been counting all winter on your seeing everything. But now that it's so soon over you'll have time for a ride with us. You're not going to the boat races are you?"

"No," said Mrs. Merrill, "I thought that would be almost too much of a crowd for the girls, so we've planned to go to Plymouth tomorrow while Hal and some friends go to the boat race, and then I want to stop over night with a dear cousin in Marshfield."

The talk was interrupted just then by the arrival of the first of the long procession of men entering the Stadium. Mary Jane could hardly sit still she was so thrilled by the sight of the

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long line of marching men—all in black gowns relieved here and there by the capes of scarlet or blue or purple some wore. And the bands playing and the crowds of people all interestedly watching—of course she couldn't understand it all, but she loved seeing it—it seemed like a scene from an old time pageant.

But by the time the exercises were over Mary Jane was tired enough from sitting on the hard stone seat and from watching and trying to understand. So the idea of lunch at some place in Cambridge without waiting to go back to Boston, sounded very welcome.

"We'll go where Uncle Hal goes sometimes," suggested Mrs. Merrill. "I know the very place on the way back to the Square. You may have a sandwich and some ice cream and anything else they have, that you'd like."

"And is it all over?" asked Mary Jane as she ran along beside her mother, glad of the chance to hurry a bit and limber up the muscles stiffened by long sitting.

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"All over, I think, honey," replied Mrs. Merrill. "All over for us anyway, as we're not going to the races. And won't we love that ride this afternoon? Hal will be busy packing up, and we'll get just that extra bit of fun thrown in."

Mary Jane found just what she wanted for lunch and was much refreshed, so, leaving a note in Hal's room in order that he would know their plans, they took the subway back to their hotel to change and make ready for the drive. White organdy dresses were not the most suitable frocks for an all-afternoon motor trip.

Promptly at two o'clock Mrs. Humphrey arrived in a beautiful limousine. Mary Jane, who wasn't used to a car of her own, had puzzled considerably as to what sort of a car Mrs. Humphrey might have, and had insisted that she wanted to wear a grown-up-lady veil so as not to muss her hair.

"You won't need a veil, dear," Mrs. Merrill had said, positively, "little girls don't need veils

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when their hair is short, no matter what kind of a car they ride in."

"But I saw a picture that had a little girl with a veil and a lady with a veil," said Mary Jane, "and I want to wear the big pink one, I do."

"Suppose you take it instead of wearing it," suggested Mrs. Merrill. "Then you'll have it if you need it, and you won't be bothered taking it off if you don't need it."

So Mary Jane went out to the car carrying a long floating veil of pink chiffon, and from her grand manner it was plain to see that again she felt "just like a princess."

Mrs. Merrill sat with Mrs. Humphrey in the big back seat and Alice and Mary Jane sat on the chairs just in front of them.

Mary Jane was much thrilled by the dignified looks of the middle-aged chauffeur and when Mrs. Humphrey said, "We're ready now, Higgins, drive down the south shore the way we like best, you know the route?" she couldn't keep her enthusiasm to herself.

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"I think Higgins is an awfully nice name," she confided to Mrs. Humphrey. "I read a book, that is, mother read it to me, and it had a Higgins in it and I liked him a lot. I always thought I'd like to talk to a Higgins.

"Does yours talk again?" she added as she saw no sign of conversation in the straight shoulder before her.

Mrs. Humphrey's lip twitched. How explain to eager little Mary Jane that Higgins was so dignified everyone had to be careful of his feelings? Higgins was the most dignified of all the story-book Higginses ever invented! So she merely said, "I think he's rather busy driving just now, and we want to have a careful driver, don't we dear?" And then, in an effort to change the subject she added, "Isn't that a lovely garden?"

But Mary Jane wasn't that easily diverted and Higgins was very much on her mind—as Mrs. Humphrey was to discover later.

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FUN ON THE BEACH

THE drive down the south shore was very beautiful; the girls both enjoyed the glimpses they saw of Quincy, Hingham and Neponset—the quaint old-fashioned houses, so different from anything they had ever seen before, the lovely gardens and the view of the bay and various inlets that they caught from time to time. The road was good and the powerful car dashed along under the wide spreading trees that edged the roads. The girls were much refreshed by this sort of entertainment.

But Mary Jane was disappointed by one thing —it wasn't really windy enough to *need* a veil. And she did want to wear one. As they neared the ocean though, they felt a stronger breeze, a breeze that came gustily through the open windows of the limousine, and she felt justified in using the veil she had carried over her arm.

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It wasn't particularly easy to adjust a veil two yards long while they were driving so rapidly, and Alice had to help her sister, for Mary Jane insisted in putting it entirely over her hat and tying it under her chin.

Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Humphrey were busy talking and didn't notice what Mary Jane was doing till the veil was almost fixed. Then Mrs. Humphrey noticed it, and was all regret for coming this route.

"My dear!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Merrill, "I didn't know your little girl was so delicate! We should never have come this way! We could just as well have driven west and then she wouldn't have felt this awful wind from the ocean! Why, it's just too bad! We'll have Higgins turn around at once! I should have asked you, only your little girl *looked* so strong and I thought she and her sister might like to go in bathing at the beach. Such a dear little thing to watch and put the veil on herself at the

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first breath! My nephew's children are so careless—they never *will* wrap up as—"

There seemed no hope of the good lady ever stopping, so Mrs. Merrill interrupted to say, "Don't be a bit concerned, Mrs. Humphrey, Mary Jane is not delicate—in fact she is very strong and vigorous. But she did want to wear a veil and pretend to be grown-up, and she has taken advantage of the first breeze to think she must put it on."

Mary Jane was panic-stricken. She wasn't sick; she'd love to go swimming in the ocean, and the very thought of leaving that pretty beach they were just approaching and turning west made her sorry. What *had* she done by putting on her veil?

"Don't you worry 'bout me," she said to Mrs. Humphrey, "I'm never sick. But I like to wear a veil—a big lady veil. Don't you like to, too? But I like to go swimming too, I do."

"Very well then," said Mrs. Humphrey, smil-

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ingly, "you shall go swimming. I guess I don't understand little girls very well. But I know they always like to come to the beach and they like to eat—oh, 'most anything."

"Then you know them pretty well after all," said Alice laughing.

"But they can't eat before they swim," said Mary Jane, "little girls can't."

"To be sure," agreed Mrs. Humphrey as the car came to a stop on the shining sand, "but if they go in the water at once—they won't have to wait long to eat, will they?"

As the girls climbed out of the car they decided that Mrs. Humphrey knew considerable about girls even if she didn't happen to understand Mary Jane's notions about wanting to dress up like grown folks.

At the right hand end of the long beach was a private clubhouse where Mr. Humphrey had a membership, and there Mrs. Humphrey took Alice and Mary Jane to fit them out with bathing suits.

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"I wish someone we knew was here to go in with you," said she worriedly, as they walked toward the beach after the girls had dressed. "Of course Higgins is bringing lap rugs down close to the water and your mother and I will sit right there near. But you could have more fun with the big waves, if someone could take you out."

They threaded their way through the crowds of folks on the sand to the spot where Mrs. Humphrey thought the cleanest, nicest sand was found, and there—just as though he had been there all afternoon—was Uncle Hal and three of his friends!

"I thought you were going to pack!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill in amazement.

"So I was," laughed Hal, "but why pack when I could go in swimming?"

"But how did you happen to come here?" asked Alice.

"I didn't 'happen,'" Hal assured her. "Art came over and said you were coming down here,

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and as it turned off so hot, wouldn't I like a swim, and I would—so here we are. Want some good company?"

"'Deed we do!" Mary Jane assured him, and much relieved, Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Humphrey sat down on the rugs to continue their visit while the two girls, with the four college men for escorts, raced down into the water.

Mary Jane supposed she would have had fun on the beach, wading by the edge of the big waves even if Uncle Hal had not come. But it wouldn't have been fun such as she and Alice had with him there. The great waves rolled in and broke in a crest of foam near the shore and then spread in a frill of bubbles over the golden sand. Uncle Hal picked her up in his arms and walked with her way out into the water; then, holding her high, let her feel the "break" of the waves close to her face. She shouted with glee and splashed her hands in the crest of foam—never had she had such fun!

Then, taking her out deeper, where the waves

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did not break but rolled along in a great swell, he held her tightly by her bathing suit and under her chin and let her swim. It was fun to feel the water rolling, to let herself go as Uncle Hal told her to, and to breathe slowly and comfortably and work her hands and feet, feeling all the while the security of her uncle's strong arm.

"Let's do it some more!" she cried, as he took her in to shore.

"Pretty soon," he replied, "but you stay on the sand awhile now with Alice while I swim out to the raft to warm up. Then you shall have another swim—two, if you want them."

Back on the sand with Alice, Mary Jane found it nearly as much fun to dig and hunt shells as it was to swim. There seemed to be no pretty shells as there were on the beaches in Florida; perhaps because the crowds of people kept them picked over; perhaps because up further north there were not such pretty shells to be washed up. But there were plenty to build

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a wall with even if all were not beautiful and perfect. She and Alice collected several handfuls and then set about building a city with a wall around it. Other children playing near saw the plan and helped too, and in a few minutes a dozen little folks were working under Alice's direction, building streets, parks, houses, churches and the outer wall. It was great fun and as they worked the time sped by, one hour, two, and the girls would have guessed it wasn't more than ten minutes.

They were used to playing on the sandy beach of Lake Michigan and even Alice, who knew all about it, didn't think about the ocean's tides. And as all the children were in their bathing suits they didn't notice an occasional bit of wetness. So it was with amazement they saw a great wave roll up near and actually into their precious city!

"Why, what's the matter with the ocean?" exclaimed Mary Jane in dismay, "it's coming into our city, and it mustn't!"

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"Matter with the ocean!" cried Alice, much disgusted with her thoughtlessness. "It's the tide. Don't you remember in Florida how it went up and down the beach each day, Mary Jane? We should have remembered and set our city further from the edge of the water."

As they talked, a second great wave broke in a frill of bubbles and down went the two nearest churches, three parks and a dozen houses.

"Regular earthquake-tidal wave effect," said one of Uncle Hal's friends who came up to the group just then. "Well, we were just going to take you into the water again anyway, so why worry?"

"Oh, goody!" cried Mary Jane happily, "we can build another city sometime, but we can't go in swimming with you and Uncle Hal—not very often we can't."

By the time the girls had had another good swim and had enjoyed the breakers till the boys were tired, Mrs. Merrill decided that it was time to come in. The sun was getting lower

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and lower, and already the breeze was blowing cooler.

"Dash up to the clubhouse quickly, girlies," said Mrs. Humphrey, "you know where I showed you to go. And then when you come back dressed we'll find something to eat."

But the girls took longer dressing than might have been expected—maybe they talked too much about the good time they were having—and when they reached the beach it was time the party was starting back for Boston, past time in fact, if Mrs. Humphrey was to keep an important dinner engagement. So there was no time for regular tea as Mrs. Humphrey had planned.

"But we can stop and get ice cream cones and crackerjack to eat on the way," she said. "Don't little girls like cones and crackerjack?"

"They certainly do," laughed Alice, "at least these little girls do."

"Then take this," said Mrs. Humphrey, handing her a five-dollar bill, "and get all you want,

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dear. This looks like a good place." They were back in the car of course, and Higgins had driven along the thoroughfare by the ocean—a street lined with shops.

Alice looked at the money with a feeling of dismay. How many should she get? One cone apiece and one box of crackerjack or maybe two? And how about the change? Five dollars seemed like a lot of money to carry into a crowd such as thronged the boardwalk by which the car had stopped.

Seeing her hesitation, Mrs. Humphrey said, "Would you rather I got it, dear?" and Alice replied so promptly, "oh, *will* you, Mrs. Humphrey?" that the lady had no doubt, but Alice would enjoy herself more if she didn't have to make the purchase.

So Mrs. Humphrey got out of the car and hurried to the shop. It is hardly likely that she had made such a purchase before—certainly not often, for when she got into the shop she scarcely knew what to buy, or how much the girls could

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eat. Of course they would be hungry—she bought four boxes of crackerjack and five cones; that amount simply because that seemed to be all she could carry, and went back to the car.

"Can you help me?" she asked as she found herself too loaded down to step comfortably into her car. Mary Jane was on that side and she reached out and took the boxes of crackerjack while Mrs. Merrill took the cones.

"Where's Higgins's crackerjack?" asked Mary Jane making a hasty count.

"What did you say, dear?" asked Mrs. Humphrey who thought her ears must have deceived her, 'Higgins' what?"

"Higgins's crackerjack," repeated Mary Jane, "you've got a cone for everybody and only four boxes of crackerjack. Doesn't Higgins like crackerjack?"

"I really—why—" Mrs. Humphrey was so amazed that for the minute she couldn't think of anything to say. *Higgins* and crackerjack!

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"Never mind," said Mary Jane, thinking to comfort her hostess, "there's plenty of ice cream and he can have half of my crackerjack—I'd be glad to divide it."

Before either Mrs. Merrill or Mrs. Humphrey could interfere, Mary Jane had slipped from her chair and was hospitably passing the cones to the dignified chauffeur. Never did a man look more insulted! He, Higgins, to eat an ice cream cone while on duty and in his best uniform! Perish the thought! But a glance at Mary Jane's kindly smile changed his answer and instead of frowning no without a word as he meant to, he smiled and said, "Thank you kindly, miss, but I must give all my attention to the wheel."

"Well, don't worry," said Mary Jane, "I'll eat it then." And she did.

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A DAY IN PLYMOUTH

WHEN Mary Jane stepped off the train in the little town of Plymouth the next morning, she expected to see the famous Plymouth Rock the very first thing. Instead, she saw a modern station with its line of autos, surreys and wagons drawn up along the side and a parkway stretching away toward the hill.

"Where do they keep the rock?" she asked her mother.

"Goodness only knows!" laughed Mrs. Merrill. "Don't expect me to know *everything,* honey. But I do know they have it around here somewhere."

"Oh, Mother," cried Alice, "look at that darling pony! Couldn't we get that man to drive us around some place? I'd adore to have that pony pull me!"

Mrs. Merrill and Mary Jane liked the idea

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too, so they engaged the driver of a quaint little pony cart to take them around the village.

But before five minutes had passed, they almost repented of their bargain. For, turning away from the station to the right, they began ascending a hill that taxed the strength of the pony to the utmost. Up they went and up and up, and the little pony pulled and pulled and pulled his best, but with such a load he couldn't go faster than a very, very slow walk.

At last they reached the top of the hill and there on an open plain they saw a handsome monument—the driver told them it was Forefathers' Monument.

"Whatever did they put it here for?" asked Mary Jane. "There's nothing here but a field."

"You should get out and look," said the driver proudly. "Just look—and you'll see."

They left the pony cart (they were glad to give the little fellow a chance to rest you may be sure) and walked close up to the monument before they turned around to look; and then

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they saw why the monument was set just there. Before them lay the bay, the blue waters sparkling in the bright sunshine; and to the left and to the right for miles and miles they could see the coast line gleaming gold with the shining sand, and back from the ocean to the north were the green marshes and fertile fields. It was a view long to be remembered.

"I expect the Pilgrims stood right here—didn't they, Mother?" asked Alice.

"Without a doubt they did," replied Mrs. Merrill, "and think how it must have looked to them! There were no fields then; only marshes and woods; no friendly city off in the distance; only strange Indians. I can imagine that many a time a lonely Pilgrim must have sat in this very spot and looked longingly out over the ocean toward the home they had left."

"They *were* brave folks, weren't they, Mother?" said Mary Jane, much impressed with the beautiful view and the thought of the long-ago Pilgrims. "But where's Plymouth Rock?"

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"We'll have to find that rock for you in a hurry," laughed Mrs. Merrill. "Well, at least we know it isn't on a hill, so we can go on from here if you are ready."

The pony cart next pulled them down the hill and that was nearly as exciting as going up, for it surely seemed as though the cart with its four folks would fall over on top of the little pony.

"I really believe," suggested Mrs. Merrill, "that we could get around faster if we'd walk, girlies," as they turned back into the station parkway. "Suppose we walk for a way and explore as we go?" The girls were willing, so the pony cart was dismissed, and the Merrills set out to explore.

They went south along the main street of the village, passed the museum where relics of the Pilgrims were kept and which they meant to visit later in the day; passed several big hotels and many stores till they came to the end of the village where the fishermen had head-quarters. And there, at the shore end of a small

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wharf, they saw a stone monument. Not a big handsome one such as they had seen on the hill a few minutes before; a small stone monument with an open space in the center and an iron grating sort of a door shutting up the open space.

Alice and Mary Jane ran ahead to see what it was, and there Alice read the words, "Plymouth Rock." There under the monument, set in the arch made by the stone corners and protected from injury by the heavy iron grating, was the famous stone. It wasn't big as Mary Jane had expected it to be—it was just a common-looking boulder, and nobody would have thought of it twice if it hadn't been in a monument so folks would know it was something to look at.

"Well," said Mary Jane practically, after she had looked at it carefully for a minute or two, "I don't see how in the world they stepped clear from the ocean there at the end of the pier to here—I don't see!"

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"But you must remember, dear," replied Mrs. Merrill, "there wasn't any pier then—just the ocean and the shore. No doubt the ocean was close to the rock then, for sometimes sand and rocks are washed around and the shore line changed in so many years as have passed since that day. Or, possibly, folks have moved the rock up here so it wouldn't get weatherbeaten by the winter's storms. I think that is most likely the reason why it is here."

As she was speaking, two men came up to the monument to make some repairs on the lock of one of the iron gates. As the gate swung open after they unlocked it, Mary Jane looked longingly in at the rock—if she could only touch it! What fun it would be to tell Betty and Frances that she, Mary Jane Merrill, had really touched Plymouth Rock!

One of the workmen seemed to guess what she wanted for he said to her, "Hello there, little girl! Did you come a long way to look at that rock?"

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"All the way from Chicago," answered Mary Jane.

"Then I think you'd like to touch it, wouldn't you?" he said. Mary Jane nodded happily.

"Here goes then," he replied, and he stepped aside so she and Alice could stand inside the gate and actually lay their hands on the rock.

"I know something better than that," said the other workmen, much pleased with the girls' interest and joy. "We'll open the gate on the other side where the sun is shining and your mother can take your picture standing on the rock, just as the Pilgrims did."

Mary Jane was so excited by that fine idea that she could hardly stand still, but with the help of mother and the men the gates were at last open, and she and Alice took their places on the rock—and the picture was taken.

"Thank you so *very* much," said Alice gratefully as the gates were again locked up, "that picture will be fine to take to school 'cause I'm studying American history."

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"Then you want to notice that hill," said one workman, pointing to a hill close by. It wasn't such a very high hill but the sides were steep and grass covered and it was close to the shore. "That is the hill you will read about," continued the man. "After that hard winter when so many of the Pilgrims died, the bodies of the dead were buried there and the Pilgrims planted corn over the top, so the Indians would not guess it was a cemetery and find out how very many had died. You must walk up that hill," he advised Alice, "so you can tell your class about it when you get back."

"We certainly will," replied Alice gratefully, "and thank you for telling us about it."

They crossed the street and climbed the wooden stairway up the hill. On the top was an inn where a sign announced that luncheon was served, but the girls didn't care for anything so modern. Fortunately Mrs. Merrill had had the hotel put up a fine luncheon for them, so they wouldn't have to waste time eating indoors.

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As it was now nearly noon and the girls were very hungry, she suggested that they sit on some benches halfway up the hill and eat now, where they could enjoy seeing Plymouth, the ocean and the historic hill.

That seemed a splendid idea, and the girls agreed that never had fried chicken and sandwiches tasted as good as on Plymouth Hill.

"I do feel awfully selfish though," Mary Jane said as she polished off a drumstick, "to have such a good lunch at the very same place where folks died 'cause they didn't have enough to eat."

"I don't feel so selfish as I do thirsty," said Alice. "Now if I only had a drink—"

"No doubt we can find one," replied Mrs. Merrill. "If you've eaten all you wish, we can put the papers and scraps in that trash basket over there and walk on. Surely we'll find a drink soon."

They walked along the street, passing many an old curiosity shop where Alice would have

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loved to linger and price old candlesticks and bellows and chairs and all the curious wares she could see through the window; only she was so thirsty that a drink seemed more interesting than curiosities just then.

Turning to the left they went up a steep grade to another street and there, right in plain sight, was a beautiful drinking fountain. Without stopping to read the inscription she and Mary Jane had a good drink. Then Alice read aloud the tablet that said this water was piped up the hill from the very spring where the Pilgrim fathers first got their water.

"I think we're doing a lot of interesting things to-day," said Mary Jane happily. "We stood on Plymouth Rock and we ate lunch where the Pilgrims didn't have anything to eat, and now we're drinking out of their own spring! Now what do we do next?"

"I think we'd better walk up these steps to the old cemetery," said Mrs. Merrill.

Mary Jane thought it was awfully funny to

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walk up stairs on a street, but it was the only way to get up so steep a hill. Mrs. Merrill and Alice were much interested in the quaint, old inscriptions on the queer, flat tombstones, but Mary Jane was much more thrilled by the sight of the old funeral carriage which she saw in an old barn as they came down from the other entrance. It didn't seem possible that real folks had ever made such a funny, fancy carriage—it seemed more as though it was "made up" for a show!

The afternoon was flying along and they had to hurry if there was to be time to stop and see the wonders of the historic museum they had passed before. And, indeed, that was the hardest place of all to leave, for there the girls saw old spinning-wheels and looms, old-fashioned chairs, dishes and toys such as little folks used to play with—though goodness knows, children in those old days had very few toys of even home-made sorts!—and boats, models of real boats of those early days and

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oh, so many things, Mary Jane thought they would have to stay there a week to see all she wanted to see.

But they wouldn't stay a week, nor even an hour more, for at four they must take a train to Marshfield Hills where they were to visit Cousin Louise. If Mary Jane hadn't wanted to visit there very much she might have suggested to wait till another train; but she had so often heard her mother tell about this dear cousin and her little boy, that not even the curious boats and wonders of the museum could make her want to miss that train.

"Now you tell us all about 'em," she said to her mother, when, a little after four, they were seated in the train and speeding toward Marshfield Hills. "Is he big as me or is he a baby? And how do I talk to him?"

"Oh, you must play with him very nicely," said Mrs. Merrill, "for he's only a little bit of a boy—oh, lots younger than you are."

But when Mary Jane stepped off the train at

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Marshfield Hills she certainly was surprised, for the little fellow who sat in the front seat of the waiting auto didn't look as though he needed taking care of a bit!

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VISITING COUSIN LOUISE

COUSIN LOUISE was close to the train as it stopped, and she helped Mary Jane off and gave her a good welcoming hug as they hurried over to the auto.

"And this is John, *my* boy," she said proudly. "John, this is your cousin Mary Jane and this is Alice."

"You may sit up here with Dad and me," he said to Mary Jane, "and the others can sit in the back." Mary Jane saw in a minute that she was going to like John. He might be young but he wasn't a baby; it was plain that he expected to look after all the lady folks of the party just as he plainly was used to looking after his dainty little mother.

Mary Jane dutifully climbed into the front seat, with a little help from Cousin Louise, and

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then John played host by explaining to her all about their automobile. Mary Jane didn't know one thing about an automobile and she was much impressed by the fact that this little cousin whom she had expected to take care of and mother around, knew so very much more than she did. But she liked it; she liked his sturdy, frank way and she wished that they could stay longer and get acquainted, really acquainted, with so desirable a cousin.

Shortly, John's father who had been doing an errand, came back, and after greeting the travelers, started up the car and away they dashed, over the hills and bridges to the little white farmhouse by the mill where John lived.

Mary Jane loved the house from the minute she saw it. It had green blinds and a long front porch; a flower-covered front yard, an interesting looking barn at the side and a rambling kitchen at the back.

"Oh, Mother," she cried as the car turned in, "do let's stay a long time! Let's not go to-night."

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"To-night!" exclaimed Cousin Louise, "surely you didn't think of going to-night?"

"That's what I had planned," said Mrs. Merrill. "You know there is a nine o'clock train to Boston, and I thought that would give us time for a nice visit-y dinner and we have so many plans for to-morrow."

"Then you'll just have to change your plans," said Cousin Louise briskly as she welcomed them into the comfortable old house. "We've lots of room and we'll loan you night things, and you can see what good times my sonny and your girls are going to have."

"Well, then—" said Mrs. Merrill.

"She's going to let you stay," said John. "Come on, let's go see my lamb."

He was a bit shy with his new grown-up cousin, Mrs. Merrill, but very comfortable and easy with the two girls.

"Coming along, Dad?" he called to his father as the three children slammed out of the kitchen door.

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"Not for a while—got to see what's the matter with this," answered his father, who was tinkering with the automobile. "You take the girls through the barn and show them your pets. I'll join you in the pasture lot after a bit."

John needed no urging. He ran ahead to open the barn door and let his cousins in on the lower floor where his pet calf—a tiny little brown creature who looked wonderingly at her visitors—stood by her mother in a large roomy stall.

"This barn's most like grandpa's," exclaimed Mary Jane, as the sight and smell of barn things brought back to her mind the joys of the summer she spent visiting her grandparents in the country. "He had an underpart, too, where cows lived sometimes. And a stairs—have you a stairs that's most like a ladder?"

John had stairs just such as Mary Jane expected and, to tell the truth, he was a bit surprised to find that Mary Jane could run up the

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steep stairs as fast and as fearlessly as he could. He couldn't see how a girl who knew nothing about automobiles (when he was so used to them!) could know about anything at all.

On the main floor of the barn the children inspected all the nooks and corners, John explaining and playing host manfully.

"Now let's go to the pasture lot," he suggested. "I want to show you sumping there."

So out to the pasture lot they went, running gayly along the narrow roadway past the garden.

John led them up the hill, over stones and through briars and he wouldn't stop for anything till the very top by the fence was reached. Once there he looked around as though hunting for something.

"Why—where—?" he said in a puzzled way.

In the meantime Mary Jane stepped up close to the rocky wall bordering the pasture to pick some wild flowers she saw in bloom there. And

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as she reached into the bushes to pick the flowers, her hand brushed against something furred—and soft—and warm.

"Oh!" she cried drawing her hand back in a jiffy, "it's alive!"

John pushed into the bushes and there discovered what he was looking for—his best pet of all, his wee lamb. He caught firm hold of the soft wool at the back of the lamb's neck and pulling hard dragged the shy little creature out for inspection.

"Oh, I didn't know it was a lamb!" exclaimed Mary Jane happily. "I'm not afraid of a lamb, I'm not. I had a pet lamb too at grandpa's farm."

John and Mary Jane sat down on the nearest rock and fell to comparing notes about the lamb she had had and the lamb before them, and so busy were they that they failed to notice the approach of John's father with a wheelbarrow.

"Anybody want a ride?" he asked. "And

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Alice, if any big girl like you says *she* wants one, she's going to be fooled. But if any people the size of John and Mary Jane want one they'd better get in quick, because mother has just given the signal for dinner and that means come and wash your hands this minute."

John settled himself in the front of the barrow with his toes hanging over the wheel while his father lifted Mary Jane on just behind. And with Alice for an escort the party went back to the house.

"I love to wash hands at a back door," said Mary Jane enviously as she saw John's father splashing at a pan near the door. "It's so common to wash in a bathroom!"

"Well," laughed Cousin Louise, "I can't say that everybody agrees with you! I know I felt very grand when we had our nice bathroom installed upstairs. But if you'd really *rather* wash down here, I think John can find you a pan and a towel." Alice went upstairs with her mother and washed in a nice, lady-like

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fashion, but John and Mary Jane had a beautiful splash-y time at the back doorstep and to judge from their red noses—and the towel—they must have come to the table every bit as clean.

"I could eat just everything," said Mary Jane ravenously, as they sat down to an appetizing-looking dinner.

"Well, you won't get everythin'," giggled John, "but Mother won't let you be hungry, will you, Mother?" he added hospitably.

And with all the good things before her, Mary Jane was sure she *wouldn't* be hungry—lovely fresh peas, browned potatoes, salad in such a pretty bowl. For the next few minutes the children were too busy to talk, but by dessert time, John was again telling the girls some of the funny things his chickens and lamb could do.

"There now, John," said his mother interrupting, " I forgot the cream for the berries.

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Can you get it for me from the kitchen table? It's in the blue bowl."

John thought he could and he slipped down from his chair and hurried out to the kitchen. Coming back he didn't hurry for in his hands, held tightly, he carried a large blue bowl filled nearly full with rich looking cream.

"We always have our cream in a pitcher," remarked Mary Jane.

"You couldn't pour this cream out of a pitcher," explained Cousin Louise. "See?" She lifted a spoonful of the cream with a silver ladle and Mary Jane thought she had never seen anything so good looking. It was rich and creamy colored and almost as thick as soft gelatine. Alice was a bit worried lest it be sour, and she hated milk or cream that wasn't every bit sweet. But when the girls tasted it they found it sweet as could be and oh, so good.

"There are the queerest things around Boston," exclaimed Mary Jane as she smeared the thick cream over her berries ready to eat, "there

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are boats made like swans, and tides like in Florida, and a spring coming out of a pipe—that was in Plymouth—and cream that looks like pudding. Have you got plenty of it, Cousin Louise?" she added as she eyed the blue bowl.

Cousin Louise assured her that there was still plenty in the bowl and a great plenty more in the milk cellar outside so she could eat all she wanted. But to tell the truth, Mary Jane found that one big bowlful of strawberries and such cream was all she could eat, and she was soon ready for the drive that Cousin Louise proposed.

They drove through the marshes that much to the girls' interest proved to be the place where cranberries are grown.

"See?" said John's father as he slowed up the car so they could see the bushes and could, perhaps, imagine the red cranberries with which the low bushes would be loaded after frost. "Next time you eat your Thanksgiving dinner, you just look hard at the cranberry sauce and see if it didn't come from Marshfield."

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Mary Jane giggled at his funmaking and promised to ask each cranberry she met during the coming fall.

Turning from the main road, they drove into the heart of a charming wood where Cousin Louise had them get out to see the wild flowers. There the girls saw, for the first time, the beautiful and very rare wild lady slipper which Alice thought was the loveliest wild flower she had ever seen. They didn't pick a single blossom as the flower is so rare that flower lovers will not take a single bloom from its home in the woods; but they looked at it so admiringly and so carefully that the girls were sure they never, never would forget its beauty.

Back into the car and around a couple of low hills they saw before them—the ocean—golden and blue and rosy as the varying lights of sunset were reflected in it.

"Oh," cried Mary Jane, "are we going swimming?"

"Not this late in the evening, I'm afraid my

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dear," said Cousin Louise. "But perhaps mother will let you go in wading. We always carry towels in the back of the car for a good foot rub afterward." Mrs. Merrill approved, so the three children pulled off shoes and stockings and a minute later were dashing down toward the water leaving the grown-ups for a quiet visit near the car.

"Oh, look at the white stones!" exclaimed Mary Jane, as they wandered around on the beach after the first hilarious fun of wading. "I'm going to put some in my pocket. There's one. There's another. See, John, aren't they pretty?"

John agreed and was so diligent in helping to pick them up and so generous in handing over all he could find to Mary Jane, that by the time the children were called to come and dry their feet, Mary Jane's pockets were loaded down and Alice's were full of the overflow.

"I think they'll charge excess baggage for you, young lady," laughed John's father as he

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lifted Mary Jane into her place by John. "You're not going to take all those stones back to Chicago, are you?"

"Well," began Mary Jane, and then she saw how impossible it would be to carry so many so she decided, "I'm going to take two, the roundest, whitest two, and I'm going to leave the others for John. You'll like 'em, won't you, John?"

John hadn't an idea what he would do with stones but he was always glad to acquire valuable possessions, so he answered, "You bet!" most vigorously, and Mary Jane was happy.

Back at the house, John rushed upstairs ahead of the girls and they couldn't imagine the reason for his hurry—children don't usually like to go to bed in a rush like that, at least the Merrill girls didn't.

But when, a few minutes later, they leisurely went up, they found the reason for his hurry. He met them at the top of the stairs and offered to each girl a pair of his own pajamas! He re-

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membered that his mother had promised night things and he wanted to be a good host. The girls looked with dismay at the cunning little blue pajamas offered them, but their mother came to their rescue.

"Thank you so much, John," she said to the little boy, "you certainly were nice to plan for the girls. Now, don't you want to show us your room? You know you promised you would." And John, carelessly handing over the pajamas, hurried off to display the room of which he was so proud.

A few minutes later the tired little fellow was sound asleep, and then Cousin Louise brought her guests a supply of night things that made them very comfortable.

"I wish I didn't have to go to bed," sighed Mary Jane as she trailed the length of her cousin's pretty gown over the floor. "I think it's horrid when you have a big lady's nighty and it's so long and pretty and like a court dress that then you just have to go to bed and sleep!"

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"Well, if you don't go to bed pretty soon," laughed Cousin Louise, "you'll hear my alarm clock and John's roosters before you get to sleep."

But there was no real danger of that because Mary Jane was so tired that the minute her head touched the pillow she was sound asleep and dreaming of white stones that perched up on top of Plymouth Rock and of a dear woolly lamb that came over in the Mayflower.

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THE WILLOW TREE COTTAGE

MARY JANE thought she never could wake up the next morning. She heard her mother and Cousin Louise talking in the next room, she heard John calling, "Mary Jane! Mary Jane! When you coming to breakfast?" But she simply couldn't make herself wake up and answer. She dozed off again and again, she was so very sleepy.

Finally she heard Cousin Louise say, "Your mother says you must get up, dear, so if you'll jump into the bath that is all ready for you, I'll have breakfast waiting when you come back." Mary Jane heard John and Alice laughing and playing under her window, so she hopped out of bed in a hurry and ran in to take her bath.

When she came back, she found that Cousin Louise had pulled a little table up to the window overlooking the garden and barnyard, and

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that on the table was spread out the nicest breakfast any girl could ask for.

"There now," said Cousin Louise as she laid a bathrobe around her little guest, "while you eat we're going to visit, because when there are so many other folks around, we don't get a chance to say a word." Mary Jane liked that breakfast ever so much. She told Cousin Louise all about Class Day and the game and the lobster salad and commencement and dancing with one of Uncle Hal's grown-up friends and the shoes that slipped up and down and made a blister—and everything. And as she talked she ate and ate—till all the fresh strawberries and all the egg and potatoes and coffee cake and milk and cereal that Cousin Louise had carried upstairs on the tray had vanished.

"Well," laughed Cousin Louise, "see how stupid I sit here without getting you one single bit of breakfast!" And she laughed at the tray of empty dishes.

"Never mind about any breakfast," replied

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Mary Jane continuing the joke, "I don't somehow seem hungry for anything this morning. Anything *more* you might say!"

"Then you slip into your clothes as fast as ever you can," said Cousin Louise, "and run out to the barn. John's been watching his favorite hens since he first got up in hopes there would be eggs for you to gather before train time."

It didn't take Mary Jane long to dress and as Mrs. Merrill came in just at the right time to brush her hair and put on her hair bow, she was soon out in the barn lot with Alice and John.

With diligent hunting the three children discovered four eggs by the time that John's father called to them that it was time to go to the train.

"You take 'em with you in your pocket," said John hospitably giving his little cousin all four eggs. "You take 'em 'cause they're good and I'll let you have 'em."

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Mary Jane took them gratefully. She had never been particularly fond of eggs but John's eggs, like grandpa's eggs, tasted awfully good and she was quite willing to carry four home. She promised faithfully to carry them all the way to Chicago so her father could taste one. "That'll make one for each of us, 'cause there's four of us," she told John as she put the fourth one in her second pocket.

But when the children got back to the house Mrs. Merrill inquired into the cause of the bulging pockets and out came the eggs—to stay in Marshfield.

"Why Mary Jane," said her mother, "you've stones, all those white stones you gathered on the beach last night, you know, and stones and eggs don't mix very well, you'd find. Then we're going 'way up to Rye Beach for Sunday, and you'll have lots to carry as it is. And there's no use taking the eggs away from John just to run the risk of breaking them, is there?"

Mary Jane agreed that there was no use of

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that. And with John's promise that next time she came she could have four eggs—not necessarily these same eggs however—for her very own, she was satisfied to put the eggs in the ice-box and wash her hands ready to go to the train.

The little cousins hated to leave each other; they were just getting well acquainted and were planning all sorts of fun they could do together. But Mrs. Merrill thought that Mary Jane, and Alice too, had had such a very busy week that they had better have a very quiet week-end. So as Uncle Hal had friends outside of Boston he wanted to see before leaving for his home in the middle west, it was decided that Mrs. Merrill and the girls go up to a quiet little hotel at Rye Beach and spend Sunday resting and loafing, and that they meet in Boston again on Monday to finish up the sightseeing and visiting.

"You come and see me again," shouted John, as the girls climbed aboard their train half an

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hour later. "Don't you forget to come to see me and get your eggs!"

"I won't forget," called back Mary Jane, and then, much to the surprise of the brakeman who was giving the signal to go ahead, she stepped half down the steps of her car and shouted back to John, "Next time I come I'm going to stay all day and get a lot of eggs—all the eggs you've got!" Then she hurried into the car to wave to John out of the window as the train moved away.

It was a very dusty morning, as there hadn't been rain for more than two weeks; so Mrs. Merrill shut the window by which they sat. Mary Jane liked that, for then she had a window sill where she could spread out her precious stones without danger of losing any out of the window.

"Now that's the father stone," she whispered to herself, as she hunted out the biggest stone and put it in the left hand corner of the sill,

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"and that's the mother stone," she added as she chose the next biggest, a round white stone that was her favorite, "and this is the big sister stone and this the big brother stone and here's all the little stones." She pulled them out of her pocket, every one and made a long row of stone children that filled the whole window sill.

"I guess I'll call them Mr. and Mrs. Stone," she laughed softly to herself, and then I'll name the Stone children. You're Patricia," she announced to the biggest stone sister, "and you're William Stone and you're Edward and you're Margaret and you're Ellen and you're—you're —dear me! How in the world do people name their families? I should think it would be hard work! I should think it would be as hard as naming rivers."

The thought of rivers made Mary Jane remember that she was thirsty, so, with her mother's permission, she went up to the front end of the car where the case of paper drinking cups and the water fountain was. The drinking cup

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case didn't work very well, and Alice had to come and give her assistance before two cups were dropped out of the slot so that the little girls could get a cool drink. Then Boston was so near that Mary Jane had time only to pick up her Stone family and stow them safely in her pocket—and it was time to get off. There hadn't been a minute to wonder what she would do—the time just went that quickly.

They took a taxi up to their hotel, packed bags with things they would need for over Sunday, ate a bit of lunch and hurried back to the station to catch the train for Rye Beach.

"Did you ever see so many pretty flowers!" exclaimed Alice as their train went past station after station made beautiful with flowers—late irises, early roses, bridal wreath and snowballs, to say nothing of the gay geraniums in formal beds along by the tracks. "Wouldn't you love to have somebody say, 'just pick all you want to, Alice Merrill?' "

"We wouldn't have time to pick 'em, 'cause

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the train doesn't stop; it's taking us to Rye Beach where Mother went a long time ago. Tell us about it, Mother dear," Mary Jane added. So Mrs. Merrill snuggled the tired little girl close up and told her about the time she and her brothers went to Rye Beach so long ago and how they all went in bathing in the surf when the whistle blew the temperature of the water; and what good things they had to eat at the Willow Tree Cottage and how—but there wasn't any use talking any more, for Mary Jane was fast asleep.

Mrs. Merrill glanced over at Alice who was reading a favorite book Cousin Louise had given her, then she too picked up a magazine and read as the train sped northward toward New Hampshire.

It was a good thing Mary Jane had a long nap that afternoon, for when they got off at their station they found they were still a long way from Willow Tree Cottage and that there was a lot to see on the way. Several passengers got off,

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and the bus which met the train was filled to the last seat.

First they drove along by some pretty golf links where many folks were enjoying an afternoon game; then they turned into a handsome big hotel. Mary Jane saw children running up and down the broad verandas and caught a glimpse of the ocean through the trees.

"I'd like that place to live," she said to herself, "I wonder if that's where we're going?" But it wasn't.

Next they drove down a street where there were many private houses, in front of some of which the bus stopped to drop passengers. Mary Jane saw children playing in the grassy yards and everything looking so homelike and restful that she couldn't help but think, "I wonder if that's where we're going. I'd like to have that our place." But it wasn't.

Then they drove around a corner with a flourish that almost sent Mary Jane from her

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seat and out through the opposite window, and drove up in front of a grand-looking hotel right close to the ocean. Folks in pretty light dresses were walking on the broad porches. Children were playing in the great sand-pile out under the trees, and young folks were having a croquet match over near the beach.

"Now that must be where we're going," thought Mary Jane. But it wasn't.

At last, when everyone but Mary Jane and her mother and sister were out of the bus, the driver whipped up his horses and drove away down the beach and then turned down a short road and stopped in front of a rambling, old New England farmhouse. It was painted white, with green shutters; the porch had comfortable chairs enough for a big, big family and rambled around the front and sides of the house as though it was in search of the kitchen door. But out in front, close by where the bus stopped, was the most interesting sight of all—a great willow tree. It had half a dozen trunks all grown

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partly together and each big enough to make a tree of itself; it had wide spreading branches that arched over the roadway, over the house and over a wide, grassy yard. And under the tree, just past the porch steps was a swing, a big sand pile and a small merry-go-round and a slide place so that little folks who slid down it would tumble gently into the clean white sand.

Was Mary Jane glad that they hadn't stopped at the other places? You should have seen her happy face!

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "let's not just stay here over Sunday! Let's send for Daddah and stay and stay and stay 'cause I know I'm going to have a good time here."

But before Mrs. Merrill had time to answer, Mrs. Bryan, the hospitable lady who owned the cottage, came out to greet them and to say to Mary Jane, "Oh, my dear! I'm so glad you're here! Because I have the nicest surprise for you! Come right into the house and see. I know you'll like it because it's just what your

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mother and your Uncle Hal always liked to see."

And Mary Jane, followed by Alice, both wondering what in the world the surprise might be, hurried out of the bus and into the house.

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LOST! ONE MARY JANE

"CAN we see it right away?" asked Mary Jane as she hesitated by the newel post at the front stairs. (It was a lovely long, straight stairway with a white banister made of dainty white spindles and a mahogany railing wide and shining on top—just exactly the right sort of a banister for sliding down, and Mary Jane resolved to take a trial slide the first time she could get the hallway to herself!)

"If it's what I think it is," said Mrs. Merrill, looking laughingly at Mrs. Bryan, "you'd better run upstairs and wash off the stains of your journey before you go to see it, because once you get out in the kitchen with Mrs. Bryan you won't want to bother with washing and combing. Is it what I think?" she added.

"Pretty likely!" laughed Mrs. Bryan, "you're not forgetting so easily what you always liked

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to see. So do as your mother says, Mary Jane," she added kindly to the little girl, "and as soon as she says you may, come out through that door over there and you'll find me."

Alice dashed up the stairs, with Mary Jane close at her heels, and in a very short time they were down again with clean hands and faces and fresh frocks and hair ribbons. Out through the door they went, through the dining-room and into a great, roomy kitchen about as different from their own little apartment kitchen as one could imagine. It had a big pastry table in the middle; two huge stoves at one side and a long sink and several tables on another side. Big windows looked out on a grassy yard.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Jane rapturously, "I'd just *love* to live at your house, Mrs. Bryan. Would you let me beat eggs and fix the edges of pies and wipe dishes?"

"And the cupboards!" exclaimed Alice no less pleased, "would you look at these cup-

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boards, Mary Jane! Wouldn't you just adore getting out sugar and spice and putting dishes away?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Bryan, half puzzled but very much pleased with their enthusiasm, "you're not much like most of the children who come here. Mostly they don't know or care what a kitchen looks like or where it is! I can't think what their mothers mean either, because a house without a kitchen is just nothing. And as for offering to help with dishes—" The good lady broke off in amazement at the unusual occurrence of two boarders offering assistance because they *wanted* to.

"Was this the surprise and may I look in that cupboard?" asked Alice as she spied a stack of pretty blue and white dishes—just the kind she had always wanted for her own—behind a half open cupboard door.

"Mercy no!" laughed Mrs. Bryan, "this isn't the surprise. But goodness knows you may look in any cupboard you like, dearie; I know

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you won't do any harm because you like things too well. The surprise is out here."

The girls followed her through a long pantry, the walls of which were covered with cupboards and shelves clear up to the high ceiling, through a summer kitchen where maids were working at preparations for supper, and out into a half dim shed, the floor of which felt soft under their feet because it was covered with thousands of tiny chips of wood, left from the chopping of wood for the big kitchen range.

"There," she said, pointing to two great tubs near the outside door, "that's what your mother and your uncles used to like to see when they used to come here. Have 'em every Saturday evening—just that many," she added as she pointed to the baskets, "and it's time they went into the pot this very minute."

"But what *are* they?" asked Alice while Mary Jane just stared at the queer sight.

Two heavily woven split baskets, bigger than bushel baskets, considerably, were filled with

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brownish, greenish things that seemed to move—but of course they *couldn't*—but they *did*, they surely *did*. Moved slowly but crawlingly like great spiders—

"Ugh!" shivered Mary Jane, "whatever are they?"

"You've a good catch this time, haven't you?" Mrs. Merrill's voice behind her reassured Mary Jane. Her mother had followed them out and surely if her mother didn't mind those queer things, they must be all right for she well knew her mother didn't like spiders any better than she did!

"But what *are* they?" insisted Alice wonderingly.

"Don't you know," laughed Mrs. Bryan, "they're lobsters. Sam caught 'em just to-day and a fine lot they are too. Do you like lobsters?"

"Um-m," replied Alice, "do I? You just try me! But all the lobsters I ever ate were red, bright red."

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"Sure enough," laughed Mrs. Bryan as she bustled about a great iron pot in a corner, "and all you ever will eat will be, I hope, because they'll be cooked. The cooking makes 'em red. These are alive."

"But if they're alive you can't cook 'em!" exclaimed Mary Jane in great excitement.

"Oh, yes we can," replied Mrs. Bryan comfortably, "just that easily. We have the water boiling hot and dump 'em in—just that quick—and they never know what happens to 'em. Now you can go out this door," she added, "because we've got to hurry now with supper. But don't you go far, for pretty soon you'll hear a gong and that means 'come to supper!' and you come first thing because I know you must be hungry."

Mary Jane and Alice needed no urging—they *were* hungry, for it had been a long time since breakfast at Cousin Louise's, and their hurried luncheon in Boston wasn't much to remember. They ran out to the sand-pile, looked at the

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pretty shells, took a slide or two and a few swings in the big swing and made friends with the two children, a boy and a girl from Springfield, Massachusetts, who were playing there, and, in a very short while it seemed, the gong sounded and they went in to supper.

It was a different sort of a supper from any Mary Jane had ever eaten away at a hotel—though as a matter of fact the Willow Tree Cottage wasn't really a hotel at all; it was an old New England farmhouse enlarged a bit and opened to some twenty-five selected boarders through the summer season. And this meal truly was not a dinner such as Mary Jane was used to eating in the evening; it was a real supper, delicious and old fashioned as one could hope to find. There was coffee cake, fresh baked and luscious with great "wells" of sugar and butter running through in streaks of sweetness; baked beans in brown pots; cold ham, coldslaw with a sour cream sauce, and hot potatoes with cream gravy. And then, after each

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table full of guests were seated and the meal began, Mrs. Bryan herself (she would trust this task to no one else) appeared with a great platter of lobsters, red and shining and smelling oh, so good!

Mary Jane helped herself very daintily but Mrs. Bryan said, "Here, honey, that's no way to eat at my house! You take a big helping and then pass up! There's three more platterfuls like this out on the kitchen table!" The girls needed no second urging; they liked lobster, but as they polished off claw after claw, they agreed that never *never* had they eaten lobster before—not really truly lobster as this luscious food proved to be.

As the maid appeared to ask what dessert they wanted, Mrs. Merrill said, "Do you want any dessert, girls? You've had such a good supper already."

"Why mother!" exclaimed Mary Jane, "we *were hungry!*" And then as the maid said, "Huckleberry shortcake and apple pie" (mean-

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ing of course that Mary Jane should take her choice), Mary Jane, not understanding, replied blissfully, "I like 'em both, thank you!"

"Bless her heart!" laughed Mrs. Bryan, "she shall have 'em both, Ann. You bring the girls each a helping of pie and shortcake—it's not too rich, it won't hurt 'em for once," she added as she saw Mrs. Merrill starting to object, "remember how *you* used to eat two helpings of dessert and how you made your dear father so ashamed!" Mrs. Merrill and the good lady laughed in recollection—and the girls had their double dessert.

In the long twilight the Merrills took a leisurely walk through the pine tree grove off toward the south of the cottage and home along the rocks by the ocean. By the time they turned toward home the sun had set in rosy glory and through the gathering shadows could be seen the gleam of lights in lighthouses near and far. 'Way down the coast on some jutting rocks, still farther down on an out-reaching promontory,

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straight off to the northeast on the Isle of Shoals and away toward the north was the Portsmouth Light. Some lights burned steadily, red or white; some flashed on and off as though making a signal. Mrs. Merrill explained that each different location had its own light and method of burning it, so that a pilot, out in the ocean when he saw a light burning red, white, red white, could look on the chart and see just where that light belonged; and then, when he saw one burning white, white, red, he could look again and see where that one was.

The girls loved to watch the lights and to listen to the pound of the waves on the rocks near by. They would have liked to stay and watch a long time, but Mrs. Merrill led them back toward the cottage by dark and, to tell the truth, beds didn't feel so very bad after such a big day and, soon after the stars peeped out, two tired travelers were sound asleep.

Sunday morning the girls slept late and almost missed breakfast; then after a short walk

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to the beach they slipped on fresh frocks and went with Mrs. Merrill to a quaint little church about a mile away. The walk there was charming, past the biggest hotel they had seen the night before, along the beach, through a wood and to the edge of a meadow where the little church, all vine-covered and rose-laden, came to view.

After dinner at noon, the girls sat on the beach a long time, watching the tide and talking over the good times they had had and were going to have. They persuaded their mother that because the water was too cold for bathing that day, they ought to stay over till afternoon of Monday so that they might have a chance to bathe in the ocean.

"We'll do better than that," decided Mrs. Merrill, when she saw how the girls were enjoying the sea air and the quiet, "I'll wire Hal and we'll stay till afternoon Tuesday. That will give him time to finish his visit leisurely and we will still have all of Wednesday in Boston and

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you may go in bathing twice—if the water isn't too terribly cold."

"I'm a-going in to-morrow even if it's freezing!" said Mary Jane.

"So'm I," agreed Alice, "we're not afraid of cold and it's such fun to jump in those big waves!" But they little guessed what was really going to happen when they went in bathing in that heavy surf!

The next morning, promptly at eleven, the whistle on the bathhouse blew 5-8.

"Fifty-eight," said Mrs. Merrill thoughtfully, "that's pretty cold, girlies."

"Oh, we don't mind," Alice assured her. "The sun's good and hot and if the water seems cold we don't need to stay in long—we can come out and sit in the hot sand."

So they took their suits and walked down to the bathhouse.

The tide was high that morning and the beach was narrow because the great waves washed up, higher and higher. Heavy posts driven into the

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bed of the ocean supported great ropes stretched where folks would want to stand in the waves, and if one watched and went out between waves and then held tightly to the rope while a wave broke over, there wasn't a fraction as much real danger as there appeared to be from the noise and foam. Mrs. Merrill, grasping a hand of each girl, made a quick dash for the nearest rope and warned them to hold fast when the big wave came. Alice could manage herself very well, as she had a good strong grip and people were round about near to lend a hand if a wave should make her lose her footing for a second, but Mrs. Merrill held tightly to Mary Jane and together they jumped through the waves as the foamy crests of cold water broke just over them.

"Burr, it *is* cold, isn't it!" said Mary Jane gayly as she shook the salt water out of her eyes.

"Plenty cold and you're getting blue," replied Mrs. Merrill with a keen look at her little girl. "Let's go up and sit in the warm sand for a

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while. Alice, you come up the line, here, nearer to shore, and then as soon as I get Mary Jane settled in the sand snug and warm, I'll come back and take you out farther."

Left by herself a few minutes later, Mary Jane dug herself into the sand and buried her feet, her legs, and tossed the sand over her chest. Then, tiring of that amusement, she shook herself free of the sand, stood up and looked around and—but—after that nobody seemed to know just what Mary Jane did do.

Ten minutes after she left her so comfortably settled with her play, Mrs. Merrill and Alice, flushed and laughing with their fun in the waves, ran up the beach to where Mary Jane had been playing. But no Mary Jane was there to greet them!

Quickly Mrs. Merrill looked over the many bathers along the edge of the waves—there was no little girl with bobbed brown hair. Hurriedly she ran and questioned the life-guard;

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no, he hadn't seen any little girl in a blue and white suit.

The word passed along from one person to another but not a soul could tell where the little girl was. Several had seen her playing and watching her mother and sister but no one had seen her get up and go away.

There was lost, one Mary Jane; and a distracted mother and sister together with a beach full of interested people started on a hunt for the missing child.

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TEA ON THE TERRACE

QUESTIONS and answers flew thick and fast as, one after another, the many bathers at Rye Beach learned that a little girl was lost.

"Are you sure she didn't follow you and go into the water?" asked one.

"Awful undertow," whispered another, "if she lost her footing even near the shore—" but Mrs. Merrill turned away so as not to hear any more.

"Maybe she went up the beach a way," suggested another.

"We looked up there first thing," was the reply.

"I don't know what to think," cried Mrs. Merrill in distraction as the police officer questioned her. "Mary Jane never ran away and I feel sure she wouldn't now. I don't think she

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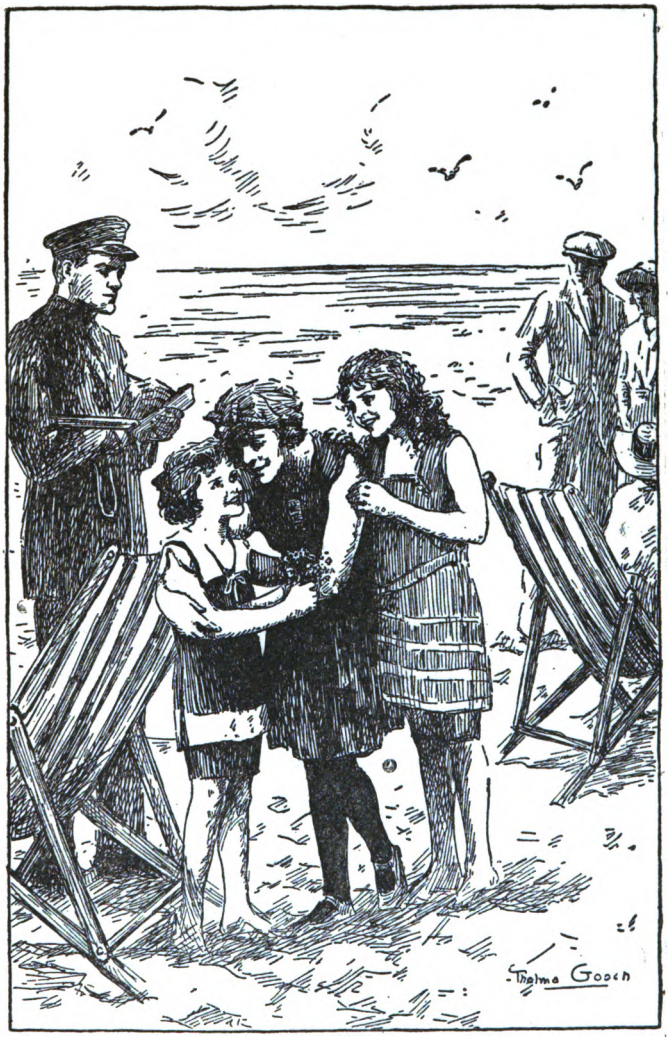

"My dear child! Where were you? We've hunted and hunted!" (Page 18

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would disobey me and go into the water—and yet, where is she?"

Alice, poor child, forgot about being wet, and ran up and down the beach, hunting and calling her sister.

At last, when there seemed nothing else to do, the officer said, "I am sorry to say, madam, that it looks very much as though—" but he never finished his sentence. For at that minute Mary Jane's voice close by her mother said, "Look, Mother, what I got for you! And there are a lot more too so Alice can pick some."

There stood Mary Jane, rosy and dry from the warm sun, her hand full of wild flowers she had picked—somewhere.

Mrs. Merrill gathered her up in her arms and hugged her so tight Mary Jane thought she never would get her breath again, then, when she could talk, she asked, "My dear child! Where *were* you? We've hunted and hunted!"

"Why I was right there," answered Mary Jane, much surprised that they should have been

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anxious. "I stood up to shake off the sand and I saw some wild flowers back there—see 'em?" she added, pointing to the end of the bath-houses where some sand flowers bloomed on a low lying sand hill back of the beach. "And I thought, 'now I'll just get some of those and see if Alice wants 'em for her collection.' So I ran up there and there were so *many*—see how many kinds? And—that's all! I just picked 'em and then here I am!"

Mrs. Merrill thanked all the kind people who had helped hunt for Mary Jane and made a firm resolve (which she likely as not wouldn't keep) that next time Mary Jane was "lost" she would sit still and wait for the child to come back by herself.

For an hour Mary Jane played on the sand. They dug ditches, they "buried" each other and their mother, and finally they shook off the sand and ran to the beach for a final plunge before leaving. After they were dressed, Mary Jane led them up to the sand hill where she had

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found the flowers, and Alice picked a bloom or two of each kind to press and add to her collection.

Dinner never did taste so good as it did that day—surf bathing certainly makes girls hungry and they both enjoyed every bite of the good food Mrs. Bryan set before them.

"Now I think we'll all take a rest for an hour," suggested Mrs. Merrill, "and then, with some folks I met before you girlies woke up this morning, we'll drive to Portsmouth so you can see the harbor and the beautiful drive along the shore."

Promptly at three o'clock they set out, and Mary Jane thought it would take a whole book to tell all the beautiful and wonderful things they saw on that drive. The pine woods that smelled so sweet and good, the rolling golf links here and there, the glimpses of the Isle of Shoals that seemed no distance away, so clear was the air in the afternoon sunshine.

"I 'most could reach out and touch 'em!" ex-

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claimed Mary Jane once, and it was hard to believe that the picturesque group of islands were miles away, out in the ocean.

The river at Portsmouth, dotted with boats, big and little, the view across into the state of Maine, and the beautiful grounds of a great hotel set high on the bluff overlooking the ocean, all seemed very wonderful. Everywhere were lovely gardens brilliant with bloom and grass so green and fresh, Mary Jane declared it made her want to get out and feel it, for it looked like soft velvet.

At Portsmouth they stopped at an old curiosity shop and bought an old-fashioned "knocker" for a souvenir of the drive.

"We'll put it on the door to your room," said Mrs. Merrill, "and then, when you shut the door, folks can knock before they come in. And every time you look at it, you will think of your trip to Rye Beach and to Portsmouth."

The next morning the Merrills took their ocean dip early, as they had decided to get to

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Boston in the afternoon instead of evening. The water was "freezing" cold, but the sun was good and warm and the dip was most refreshing as well as lots of fun.

It wasn't easy to leave Rye Beach. There was so much to do that would be fun, and so many nice people to meet and such good things to eat, that Mary Jane had to think hard about her father off home alone to make herself willing to leave so soon. But once away, she was quite happy, especially when she found that they could have their luncheon in a diner—Mary Jane would go anywhere—almost—to eat on a train!

Uncle Hal met them at the station in Boston and his smiling face assured them a surprise was in store.

"Too tired riding to do a little more?" he asked, as they walked out of the great station.

"Well," asked Mary Jane determined not to be tricked into anything, "is it a nice thing we would do, if we weren't too tired to do it?"

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"*Very* nice, I'd say, my young lady," replied Uncle Hal.

"Then I'm not a bit tired," Mary Jane assured him.

It was a good thing that was her answer, for the surprise was ready and waiting at the station door.

"This is my sister and her two daughters, Miss Burn," said Hal as he stepped up to a waiting car, "and they say they will enjoy the ride you so kindly planned for them." Miss Burn was a charming young lady with whom Mary Jane and Alice promptly made friends, and her car was a beautiful big touring car in which the Merrills were whisked away before they quite realized what had happened to them.

Through the parks of Boston they went, out the boulevards along the north shore where the roadway borders the ocean for miles and miles. Beautiful homes flashed passed them, parks, suburbs, playgrounds, amusement places—all

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like a wonderful living moving picture show. Mary Jane was interested in the great shoe factories they passed in Lynn and she tried to peek into the windows and see which factory made shoes for little girls her age. Rows and rows of red brick buildings—all shoe factories Uncle Hal told her—seemed enough to make shoes for everybody in the whole country!

On they went till they could see the houses on Marblehead and the famous Marblehead lighthouse that can be seen from such a distance at night, then, back they went, mostly over a different route, toward Boston.

"Couldn't you stop at our house for a cup of tea?" invited Miss Burn, "mother would love to meet you but she didn't feel up to a ride to-day."

Mrs. Merrill said they had nothing to hurry them, so Miss Burn drove them to her pretty home on one of the tree-covered streets in Winchester.

"We'll go through the house," said Miss Burn

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as they left the car, "but I want you two girls to go to the garden. You'll like to see my pet goldfishes."

"Pet goldfishes!" exclaimed Mary Jane, "do you keep 'em in a bowl?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll show you where I keep them," replied Miss Burn, and she led them through the hallway of her beautiful home and out, through French doors, into the loveliest garden the girls had ever seen. It was in the middle of the house—almost—for the house went around three sides. French doors opened from the hallway, on the north, from the dining-room on the east, and from a long, low library living-room on the west, while on the south side a rose covered pergola connected the ends of the house making the garden appear to be surrounded with the house. The edge of the garden, near the house, was filled with bay trees, privet and vining roses, next, on a lower terrace, were flowers with brilliant bloom, hollyhocks, delphiniums and marigolds, while around the

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fountain in the center was a great bed of gorgeous roses making a mass of fragrant bloom.

"Oh!" cried Alice, "think of living here!"

"It's like a palace!" echoed Mary Jane.

"I thought you'd like it," said Miss Burn, much pleased with their frank enjoyment, "we love it. I do a lot of the work in the garden myself. I love the flowers so, and mother and I would rather be out here than anywhere else in the world."

She led them over dainty gravel paths to the center of the garden where, peering into the white fountain, the girls saw dozens of goldfish swimming about in the sunshine.

"See?" said Miss Burn, pointing into the water, "I have one silver fish—that's for luck they say," she added laughingly. "Don't you think it's better to have fish here than in a bowl on a table?"

"I think everything's better here—if you have a 'here' like this," agreed Alice. "I suppose Mary Jane feels like a princess again, now.

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She always feels that way when she sees something wonderful."

"'Deed I do," admitted Mary Jane who had been too busy looking around and pretending that all this was her own private palace, to talk with mere folks! "I love it here!"

"Let's go over and meet mother," suggested Miss Burn, "and see if tea is ready. Then you may walk around the garden all you like and pick as many flowers as you want to."

They found Mrs. Burn waiting for them under the rose-covered terrace, and tea was all ready but the hot water which came in a few minutes. Mary Jane was very glad that the grown folks were too busy talking to count the number of lobster salad sandwiches she ate—they were so good—even better than the nut sandwiches which were usually her favorites. After tea, the girls wandered up and down the little paths in the garden and picked a few flowers; not many, for the flowers looked so lovely there that it seemed a shame to take them away.

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"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary Jane later as she saw her mother rise to go, "now it's going to be late and we'll have to go and—and I'd just love to stay in this garden forever and ever! I would!"

"I wish you could, dear," said Mrs. Burn, "because I like to have little girls around me—especially little girls who love flowers as you two do. But I'll tell you," she added comfortingly, "you've found the way out here now and the next time you come to Boston, which will be some time soon, let's hope, you come and see me the very first day and stay as long as ever you can."

Mary Jane promised and then she took a last glimpse at the fountain of goldfish before Miss Burn took them back to Boston and their hotel.

"When I have a house," she said as she dropped off to sleep that evening, "I'm going to have a garden just like Miss Burn's with goldfish and one silver fish and tea and lobster salad sandwiches and everything!"

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THE LAST DAY IN BOSTON— AND HOME

THE last morning in Boston! Mary Jane blinked at the bright sunshine that streamed in at the window and asked sleepily, "What are we going to do to-day, Mother?"

"Mother!" exclaimed Alice, suddenly wide awake, "we forgot to go to Concord! And my teacher told me surely, surely we must take that ride up through Sleepy Hollow and Concord."

"Don't you worry a minute, dear," said Mrs. Merrill, "I'm as anxious to take that ride as you are. In fact I had Hal get the seats in the automobile yesterday evening, so there would be no doubt about our being able to go this morning. I've never taken it either, you know, so we'll be seeing things together. Now everybody up and see who can beat getting dressed and ready for breakfast."

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When they stepped up to the big sightseeing car, an hour and a half later, they found that Uncle Hal had bought their seats for the front row which pleased them very much. Mary Jane liked to see things without dodging the head of somebody in front, and Alice and Mrs. Merrill liked to be close to the man who tells about the historic scenes on the way, so they could ask questions and could hear everything that was said.

The car soon filled up with interested sightseers and the journey was begun.

Alice eagerly listened to all that was told and fitted it into what she knew of early American history. The old church where the lights were hung to give the signal to Paul Revere; the road he dashed across on his long journey—marked now, by a big bronze tablet which the girls got out of the car to read; the "green" where one of the early battles was fought—Alice had read all the stories and seemed to live over the scenes as she saw the famous sites.

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Of course Mary Jane didn't know as much history as her sister did, but she knew something of the historical stories, as all American girls should even if they are only in first grade, and she learned more history in that two hours of riding than she would have learned in a month of reading. It didn't seem like history out of a book, it seemed like really truly—as it was.

The car turned down a long, shady road and came to a stop by a tiny wooden bridge.

"There," said the driver, "is the Concord bridge and you may get out and walk across if you like. There's no hurry."

"The Concord bridge?" exclaimed Alice, "why I thought it was a *big* bridge—I've heard so much about it."

"Size doesn't count for everything," laughed the driver; "it's what happens that counts."

They climbed out of the automobile and walked across the tiny bridge. It was a low, wooden foot bridge, so narrow that one had to walk carefully to pass anybody coming from the

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other direction. On one side was a hand rail, on the other nothing but the clear water of the little creek so close below.

The girls stood in the center of the bridge and Mrs. Merrill took their picture so Alice could show it to her teacher at school, then they sat down in the shade close by and Mrs. Merrill told Mary Jane the story that made that little bridge so famous; how the brave farmers stood there waiting—right there on the spot Mary Jane could see; how the Redcoats crept up through the darkness to the very tree (no doubt it was the very tree for its wide spreading branches and great trunk told of its old age), the very tree under which they were sitting, and then there was fired the shot "for freedom," the shot which the poet said was "heard 'round the world."

Reluctantly leaving the interesting spot that charmed them so, the Merrills climbed back into the big auto and drove away; through Concord, through Sleepy Hollow and to the

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house where Louisa M. Alcott had lived. There Mary Jane felt at home immediately. She saw the lilac bushes, the old trees and the quaint old house she had heard about. They went through the rooms, upstairs and down, and saw the very books and dishes and kettles and clothes that the girls in Miss Alcott's story had used and worn.

"Why they were just regular girls like we are, weren't they, Mother?" she exclaimed in surprise. "And they didn't know they were going to be in a story and everybody read about them, did they?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Merrill, "and that's what makes them so interesting. They did all the things that real folks do, and we like to hear about such things in books."

"Wouldn't it be funny if we'd get into a story book," said Mary Jane, laughing at the ridiculous idea, "and somebody'd read about how we came to see Miss Alcott's house? I'd laugh if we did!"

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"Well, you never can tell what'll happen," said Alice as they wandered out through the yard. "I expect Meg and Beth never thought of being in a book either. I wonder if they picked roses from this same old bush?" she added as she looked at a rose-bush that rambled high overhead, "it looks old enough to have been here then."

It was hard to leave the quaint old house with its interesting associations, but the honking of a horn out in front warned them that they had lingered long enough, so they hurried out to finish the drive.

"When I get back home," said Mary Jane as she snuggled down in her front seat again, "I'm going to read all about Concord and all about everything—if you'll read it to me, Mother, I am." Mrs. Merrill promised, so Mary Jane tried to look very hard at everything they saw so she could remember it a long, long time.

"Now then," said Mrs. Merrill briskly, as they got out of the auto at Copley Square,

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"we'll just have time to hurry up and pack our things and get our lunch before the train leaves. And we won't have a bit of time to spare, so it's a mighty good thing we haven't left anything else to do. That Wolverine leaves on time whether we are on it or not."

"Won't we have time but just only to pack and to get lunch?" asked Mary Jane disappointedly.

"Why Mary Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill, "haven't you seen enough of Boston?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mary Jane, "I've seen enough but I haven't done enough."

"What more is there to do, child?" asked Mrs. Merrill. "Seems to me you've done about everything a person could think of already."

"Yes, I guess I have," admitted Mary Jane, "but I wanted to do some of it over again. I wanted to take another ride in my swan boat, I did."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Merrill sympathetically, "and you shall if I can get you

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down there. Hurry now and we'll get our packing done in a jiffy and then before we eat we'll go to the Commons and let you take a ride."

Up in their room Mary Jane helped all she could with the packing. She stuffed the tips of all the shoes, she folded hair ribbons that had been mussed and put clothes in neat piles on the bed. Alice took everything from the drawers, picked up personal belongings from the bathroom, and brought the clothes that had been hanging in the closet. With such good help Mrs. Merrill packed in a very short time, and sooner than she had supposed possible the trunk was ready to go, and they were dressed in traveling frocks ready for the journey home.

"Now a wire to Dad," she said as she took a careful look over the room to be certain that they were leaving nothing behind, "and I believe we are ready to go."

"Let's not stop for a big lunch," suggested Alice, "because we can have early dinner on the diner. Let's get sandwiches and milk some

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place and then let Mary Jane have two rides on the swan boats."

Mrs. Merrill telephoned Hal and he promised to call for their bags at the hotel and then to come for them at the entrance of the Commons nearest the lagoon.

A very happy little girl bought tickets for six rides and, with Alice and her mother, Mary Jane took two last blissful rides on her favorite boat.

"When I grow up to be a big lady and have a little girl of my own," she observed between rides, "I'm going to bring her to Boston and let her ride 'n ride 'n ride."

"Seems to me that's about what I am doing with my little girl," laughed Mrs. Merrill. "I believe you like the swan boats better than anything you have seen or done on the trip."

"I do," agreed Mary Jane, "unless," she added, thoughtfully, "unless eating in the garden or seeing the goldfishes or swimming or

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playing with John or—well, we've done a lot of nice things, Mother, but swan boats *are* my favorite, I guess."

Hal's taxi was chugging briskly when they reached the street and they dashed off to take their train for home.

"Now there's a whole day to ride without getting off or hurrying or anything," said Mary Jane luxuriously, as she settled herself in the comfortable sleeper and leaned back against the cushions with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "I just *love* riding on a train, I do, Mother."

It *was* fun to sit quietly and watch the towns dash by. For ten busy days Mary Jane had been the one to do the going, hurrying from one good time to another and now it seemed the best fun of all to sit still and think about all the fun she had had.

In an hour though, she began to want something to do. Alice, deep in a book, was close by, while her mother and Uncle Hal, who

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seemed to have an endless amount to say to each other, were just across the aisle. Should she bother them—or what should she do?

Suddenly she remembered! She had brought something for just such a time, and so busy had she been all the days in New England that she hadn't once thought of what she had carried around. She slipped her hand back of her till she touched her own little handbag that was on the seat between herself and Alice, opened it and spread out on her lap her precious paper dolls.

Mrs. Merrill, glancing across to see that her little girl was all right, saw what she was doing and said, "Press the button there between the windows, dear, and the porter will bring you a table to spread the dolls out on."

Five minutes later Mary Jane had a table all to herself and on it spread her whole paper doll family. All the time the great train sped through Massachusetts, she played with them, acting over again the Harvard Class Day

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parties, the tea party in Mrs. Burn's pretty garden and many other things that she herself had done on her trip.

At five-thirty they went to the diner for dinner, and Mary Jane had some good chicken and hashed-brown potatoes and apple dumplings with ice cream, before she went back to finish playing with her dolls.

"I think paper dolls are the nicest dolls for on a train, I do," she told her mother, as together they neatly tucked the dolls away for a night's rest in the handbag, "'cause they don't break and they don't take up a lot of room, and I can have them all along—every one of them.

Mr. Merrill met his family at the station the next day, and there was a happy reunion and a lot of talk about the fun they had had since they last saw him.

"But nobody asks me what *I've* been doing?" he exclaimed with mock grief at the first pause in the conversation.

"Oh, Daddah," cried Mary Jane, "I'm so

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sorry! But you see we had so much to do—graduating Uncle Hal and seeing everything, we did. Now *you* talk—it's your turn."

Then Mr. Merrill told his surprise. The builder who was to do their house in the woods had been able to get to work sooner than he had promised, and the house, while it wouldn't be finished for some little time yet, was well on the way.

"The roof's on," he told them, "and that's a lot, for it means we can go out there and picnic and not worry about rain. And if all goes well, we can pack our trunks and move into the shack in a very few days."

"Oh, goody!" cried Mary Jane clapping her hands gleefully, "and I'm going to make garden and keep house and hunt flowers and *everything!*"

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MARY JANE'S COUNTRY HOME

THE VISIT TO THE SHACK

"MAY we take our suitcases and nighties and things and stay all night?" asked Mary Jane eagerly, "I just love to pack things!"

"Then you'll have to get your fun packing a picnic basket," laughed Mrs. Merrill, "for not a suitcase or a nighty goes on this trip. Where do you think you would sleep, child? On the scaffolding or in the chimney?"

Mary Jane giggled at herself. She knew perfectly well that her father had said that while the roof was on and everything was getting along even faster than might have been expected, still their little shack in the woods was far from being in readiness for

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folks to live in. But she was so very anxious to go, and she so dearly loved packing, that for the minute she really hoped they would stay overnight.

"I might roll off the scaffolding, and the chimney would be crowded, wouldn't it, mother?" she replied gaily, "so I guess I will come back here to sleep one more time."

"But let's do take plenty to eat, mother," said Alice, "so we can stay every bit of the day, and come home after dark. There'll be lots to do, looking at things and making garden and everything. We may make garden this time, may we not Daddah?"

"To be sure," answered Mr. Merrill, "that's one reason for going. We can have an early breakfast here and then take lunch and dinner—or perhaps, seeing that we'll be out of doors and hungry early, we might have dinner at noon and then a supper of what's left over just before we start for the city. How would that be?"

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"Fine," agreed Alice, "unless it would be better to have two dinners—you know we get awfully hungry out of doors."

"Oh, I'll take plenty," laughed her mother. "How would it be to make a fire—out away from the house? Then we could cook something hot at noon and call that dinner, and have cold things at night, supper fashion."

"Goody Goody!" cried Mary Jane happily, "then we can cook some scrambled eggs —I just love scrambled eggs when they have ashes in them and they don't really taste like eggs at all." Mary Jane wasn't fond of eggs ordinarily.

"Well, I know one thing," interrupted Mr. Merrill, "if certain members of this family don't go to bed pretty quickly, the trip to the country will be all off—I don't intend to take any sleepy-eyed people along with me in the morning—not a bit—not a one!"

A glance at the clock showed the girls that Mr. Merrill was quite right in urging them to

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go to bed—it was fifteen minutes past bed-time already. So with a hurried "good night" they scampered off to their room, and in fifty jiffies they were undressed and sound asleep.

It was only a very few nights since Mary Jane Merrill and her big sister Alice and their mother had returned from their wonderful trip east to see her Uncle Harold graduate from Harvard. Indeed, Mary Jane had hardly yet become used again to staying close in their tiny apartment in Chicago, after the days of gay sightseeing and of good times on the eastern coast. But the few days at home had been busy ones, for clothes must be cleaned and put away in order, all her little girl friends were visited and told of the good times in the East, and then farewell playtimes enjoyed with many little friends who were going away for the summer.

Indeed, if Mary Jane hadn't guessed what a good time she and Alice would have that

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very summer, she might have been very forlorn indeed when she saw one after another of her good friends go away—east, west and north, anywhere they could find woods and lakes and good times. But as it was, Mary Jane didn't worry a minute! Didn't she have the fun of thinking about the comfortable little shack her father was having built in the woods near a western suburb?

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